The Outlook

Volume 142 January 13, 1926 Number 2

Senator Wheeler in Legal Good Standing

UNITED STATES Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Montana, has scored another, perhaps the final, victory in the effort to clear himself of the charge of unlawful conduct in connection with oil-land manipulations. The Supreme Court of the District of Columbia has dismissed the conspiracy indictment against him on the ground that it fails to charge a violation of the laws of the United States.

Legal proceedings against Wheeler began when he was pressing the investigation of Harry M. Daugherty, then Attorney-General of the United States. Wheeler and his friends have always claimed that revenge for what he did to Daugherty is the motive back of the prosecution. It has been a hard-fought contest, and the score is now three to nothing in Wheeler's favor—exoneration by a Senate committee of which Borah was chairman, acquittal before a Montana court of a fraud charge, and now dismissal by the District of Columbia Court of an indictment charging conspiracy to defraud. While an appeal would lie from this latter decision, it appears fairly certain that Senator Wheeler did not commit a criminal offense by his oil-land dealings.

Unfortunately, the question of whether or not he committed an ethical offense cannot be determined. That he was associated with men who did commit offenses is certain. Gordon Campbell, named with Wheeler in the conspiracy indictment just dismissed, was convicted on a fraud charge in a Montana court and sentenced to serve two years in the penitentiary.

Are Safeguards of the Public Lands in Danger?

ON the case against Senator Wheeler the District of Columbia indictment charged that Wheeler had conspired with Gordon Campbell and Edwin S. Booth to defraud the United States Government by obtaining a larger number of oil-prospecting permits than the law allows. Wheeler demurred on a number of grounds. The Court sustained the demurrer on one point, without considering several other points upon which Wheeler relied for acquittal perhaps more than on the one sustained.

The Court held that the law does not limit the number of prospecting permits that may be issued to one man. The regulations issued by the Department of the Interior do, however, fix the limit at a single permit. The Court rules that this regulation is not in conformity with the law, and is therefore void. In the opinion of the Court, the Department of the Interior confused prospecting permit with development lease, and, since only one lease may be granted to any particular person under the law, the Department concluded that only one permit may be granted. The Court pointed out the error in this conclusion by showing that wherever, as in Alaska, Congress intended to limit the number of permits it did so expressly.

International

Senator Burton K. Wheeler

There is a significance in the decision in the Wheeler case which goes beyond its effect upon Senator Wheeler.

If it stands, the Department of the Interior apparently must modify its method of dealing with the prospecting-permit situation. A number of Western Senators and others are greatly pleased with the decision for this reason. Members of the Public Lands Committee, who toured the West last summer, are quoted in the daily press as saying that this is only one of a number of points on which the Department of the Interior has gone outside the law in issuing restrictive regulations. Senator Oddie, of Nevada, is quoted as seeing in the decision a means of escape from "law by bureaucracy" and of correction of "a great deal of bungling by the Interior Department in administration of the land and other laws."

Coincidentally with the dismissal of the Wheeler indictment there came another echo of the scandals that shook Washington and the Nation for a year. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the conviction of Colonel Charles R. Forbes, former Director of the Veterans' Bureau, and ruled that he must serve the sentence imposed upon him by the trial court.

The Shenandoah Findings

THE loss of the Shenandoah was "part of the price that must inevitably be paid in the development of any new and hazardous art." Nobody was to blame. It was, as the old law writers used to say, "an act of God."

This is the finding of the Naval Court of Inquiry, submitted to Secretary Wil-

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bur after long and careful consideration. The Court recommends that no further proceedings in connection with the wreck be prosecuted. More significant, it recommended that development of lighter-than-air craft go forward with even increased vigor.

While the Navy Department and the commander and crew of the Shenandoah were cleared of any negligence or lack of caution, the findings of the Court indicate that some things were not entirely as they should have been. The report discourages for the future anything in the nature of exhibition flights unless under decidedly exceptional conditions. It praises the discretion and courage of the dead commander, but it indicates that if he had followed the advice of his meteorologist to change his course, the track of the storm might have been avoided. It holds that the strength of the ship had not been impaired by changes in construction, but that the reduction in the number of automatic gas valves from eighteen to eight was inadvisable. It refutes most of the arguments of structural weakness, negligence on the part of the crew, and misconduct on the part of superiors made by Captain Anton Heinen, Colonel William Mitchell, and Mrs. Margaret Ross Lansdowne.

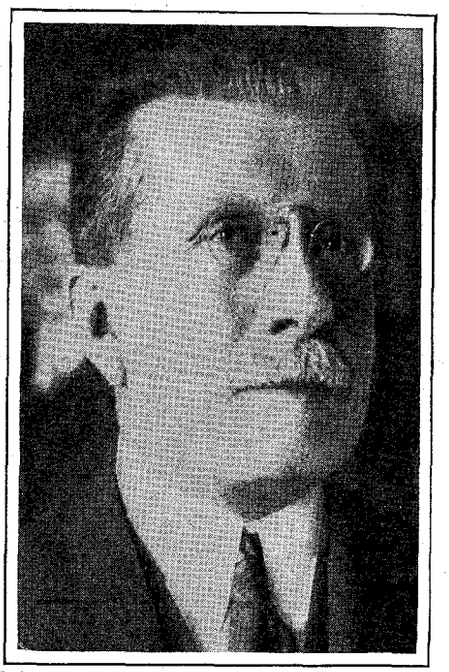
The findings of the Court were unanimous.

The Alien Narcissus Taboo

THE restrictions on the entry of narcissus bulbs, authorized by Secretary of Agriculture Wallace three years ago, went into effect without modification on January 1. Secretary Jardine made his ruling on the next to the last day of the year, after having the record of the hearings under advisement since early in November. The effect of the quarantine is that, for commercial purposes, narcissus bulbs may not be brought into the United States. They may be imported, in limited numbers and under strict supervision, for experimental and certain other purposes, such as increasing by propagating in this country from imported stock the supply of any variety of which there is a shortage.

Bulb importers and bulb growers have been at war over this question, the former, of course, insisting that narcissus bulbs be admitted and the latter that they be excluded. Secretary Jardine holds, however, that neither of these groups has an interest that is compelling. He admits that the quarantine acts as a protection for the domestic bulb industry, but insists that this is incidental and not to be considered in determining the question. The compelling interest, he holds, is that of agriculture in general.

It appears that narcissus bulbs are hosts of three insect pests—two bulb flies and an eel-worm. One of the bulb flies is destructive of onions and the eel-worm



Wide World Photos

Henri Bérenger

of alfalfa. It is admitted that all of these pests already exist in the United States, but the Secretary holds that not more than a small fraction of one per cent of domestic narcissus plantings are infested and that eradication is possible wherever infestation has occurred. The evidence brought out at the hearings, he holds, shows the danger of general infestation from imported bulbs to be such that "no one charged with the safeguarding of American agriculture could do other than restrict the entry of these bulbs." He regrets that "in protecting our various crops against pests and diseases some interests must suffer."

There is some consolation for the importer and the user of imported bulbs in the fact that of the nine classes of bulbs originally marked for exclusion eight are exempted for the time being, at least. These are glory of the snow, snowdrop, squill, crown imperial, guineahen-flower, grape hyacinth, ixia, and winter aconite. The Secretary holds that the evidence has not disclosed a risk which would warrant exclusion at this time. Further investigations are to be made however, and importations of these bulbs will be subject meanwhile to inspection and such other safeguards as may be thought necessary.

Many a layman—and horticulturist too, for that matter—still finds it hard to understand why, if the peril was so great, the doors were deliberately left open for three years (long enough to admit countless flies and worms); and why, if the peril was not so great, the doors needed to be closed at all.

Clean Shows Win

A YEAR ago there was a great to-do about obscene and *risqué* plays in the New York and Chicago theaters. Producers saw themselves getting rich by putting on a drama a little more shocking than the last. A year's experience has pricked that bubble. They have learned that the public as a whole wants clean shows.

New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia turned a profit for plays such as "The Ladies of the Evening," "The Firebrand," "Desire Under the Elms," and "The Demi-Virgin." Whatever the dramatic merits of any one of them may have been, each of these was the subject of discussion because of its capacity to shock the common sense of decency; but when they went out "on the road" and attempted to draw crowds in the smaller cities the box-offices registered deficit after deficit, and the totals began to show up in red ink on the producers' books.

On the other hand, plays like "Lightnin'," "The Bat," "The First Year," "Turn to the Right," and "Seventh Heaven" were not only solid successes in New York, but they are still reaping large returns from tours into every corner of the country. Salaciousness on the stage draws a certain few, but the wise manager will heed the experience of others; that is, that Americans in the home towns prefer wholesome plays.

The New French Ambassador

THERE are in this country two occupational titles from which no man ever quite escapes, no matter what other occupations he may have followed nor for how long. One is, in the rural districts, the title of "Squire" and the other is, in the urban districts, the title of "newspaper man." If Henri Bérenger, the French Ambassador-designate, were an American, he would be referred to as

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Squabble? Swagger? Swear?

(Othello, Act II, Scene 3)

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

Tacna again

From Frank E. Hamilton, Jr., Crestwood, N. Y.

Ray Evans in the Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

Strip Poker

From C. W. Hall, Akron, Ohio

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

Young man! Do you want me to use a club on you?

T. Brown in the New York Herald Tribune

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A discouraged Paul Revere

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

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a newspaper man, though his work has been that of the statesman for the past thirteen years. Prior to that time he was successively editor of "La Raison," "L'Action," and "Le Siècle."

M. Bérenger entered Parliament in 1912 as Senator from Guadeloupe. He was Permanent Reporting Secretary of the Army Committee from 1914 to 1917. In the latter year Clemenceau appointed him Commissioner-General for Gasoline and Fuel, and he served in that capacity until the end of the war. Since 1921 he has been General Reporting Secretary of the Senate Finance Committee. In the Senate he was classed with the Democratic-Radical-Socialist Left.

Washington's acquaintance with M. Bérenger does not extend back of last September, when he was a member of the Parliamentary Committee charged with advising the Minister of Finance, Caillaux, in the abortive negotiations for settlement of the French debt. The impression he made, despite disappointment over the outcome of the negotiations, was favorable.

In diplomatic circles, and therefore in the life of a capital, the wife of an ambassador is almost, if not quite, as important a personage as her husband. Mme. Bérenger, daughter of the famous bibliophile Alidor Delzant, is herself a lover and collector of books. She has long maintained one of the well-known literary and political *salons* of Paris. Social Washington looks forward to her coming with something more than the ordinary pleasurable expectations.

The Tacna-Arica Deadlock

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has apparently not given up hope of reaching a final settlement of the historic and heated dispute over the provinces of Tacna and Arica. As arbiter of the dispute between Chile and Peru he is exercising utmost patience. So important is the right solution of this issue to the maintenance of peace and amity among the republics of this hemisphere that it is well worth while for him to exhaust every known device of statecraft to attain the desired ends.

When General Pershing went to South America some months ago, it was hoped that by this time the plebiscite (to be supervised by the Commission of which he is chairman) would be under way or completed and the question as to the nationality of the two provinces would be settled. As yet, however, no definite date has been fixed for the plebiscite, and General Pershing is returning to the United States. According to official announcement, the trip is necessitated by the state of his health. In the meantime the Chileans, who have had some sharp differences of opinion with General Pershing, have appealed to President Coolidge. The extent of Chilean authority in the provinces during the voting period has been in question. This will be the

International

General John J. Pershing

subject of briefs to be filed by the two sides with the President.

Chile and Peru having solemnly agreed to settle their controversy through the arbitral assistance of the President of the United States, it is still believed that the two nations will hold the plebiscite according to the President's award of last March. Though Chile has appealed to the President from the Commission, she has not shown any intention of declining to abide by the President's decision. She has appealed against measures to be adopted in carrying out the plebiscite, but not against the plebiscite itself. The very fact that she has appealed to the arbiter shows that she is willing to observe the arbitral convention which she signed, reserving her right thereunder to object, as she has done in this case.

There is still hope, therefore, that a method will be discovered for reaching a satisfactory end to the ancient Tacna-Arica dispute.

The Shanghai Riots

A COMMISSION consisting of three men—American, British, and Japanese—has held an inquiry over the events in Shanghai of May 30 last, a day which a correspondent from China reported in The Outlook as having been called by a Chinese orator the "Lexington of Chinese history." Ten Chinese were killed by volleys fired upon the mob by order of a British inspector or sergeant of police after vain efforts to disperse the "demonstrators" who were crying "Kill the foreigners!"

The inquiry by the three men (each a judge of some court) was made at the request of the foreign diplomatic representatives, and the majority and minority reports were sent to the Dutch Minister in Peking, M. Oudendijk. The American, Mr. Justice E. Finley Johnson, who presided over this board, differed from his colleagues as to the conduct and responsibility of the police officers of the Shanghai international settlement, holding that a larger force of police should have been on duty and that firing on the mob might then have been unnecessary. Judge Johnson said that the Shanghai police officials failed to see the gravity of the situation and to take proper precautions. Specifically, he blamed the inspector on the ground and the Police Commissioner, who left the city in the crisis for three hours, although he was informed of the menace.

The British and Japanese members of the board of inquiry exonerated the police officials from blame and declared that they could not have acted otherwise than as they did.

It is quite easy to see that different views may honestly be held of the confused and excited events of a riot. The American judge was less affected by any close concern of his own country than were his colleagues, and his view is therefore likely to be accepted as just by Americans generally.

A Queen of the House of Savoy

QUEEN MARGHERITA, the mother of the King of Italy, was one of the most gracious of royal persons in our day. Like Queen Alexandra of England, whose death preceded hers by less than seven weeks, she united in her person outward beauty with a character of engaging qualities.

It was not, however, the attractiveness of her personality that made her beloved in Italy and respected in Europe; it was

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Paul Whiteman, the jazz band leader, who, with good reason, aspires to symphonic effects

George Gershwin, composer, who has lifted the humbly born dance of the jazz band to the level of the symphonic concert platform

Walter Damrosch, symphonic orchestra leader, who regards benevolently the aspirations of jazz

that wisdom and good sense that has characterized the royal house of which she was a scion. It was Italy's good fortune to find in that royal family the agency that was needed to make Italian unification certain. Against the follies of monarchs that have brought monarchical rule into disrepute and ruin in so many places during the past century the sanity and human adaptability of the house of Savoy may be placed as a considerable offset. Queen Margherita was first cousin of her husband, and therefore seemed to have inherited those qualities of mind that made King Humbert's father, Victor Emmanuel, a successful monarch at a critical period and have descended to the present King, son of Humbert and Margherita.

The house of Savoy has been sometimes called democratic. That is a compliment which self-governing people like to pay to their rulers. Queen Margherita was in that sense democratic, but she stood for the niceties of the etiquette of the Court. The mourning in Italy which followed her death was genuine, for the people of Italy thought of her during her lifetime as one of themselves and a royal friend.

The Live Art of Music

GEORGE GERSHWIN'S one-act Negro jazz opera, "135th Street," is not likely to add to his reputation. That is not so much a reflection on his clever work as it is an indication of the extent of his reputation as established by his "Rhapsody in Blue" and his "Concerto in F." Originally produced as a number in a vaudeville show, it was performed rather more seriously during the holidays by Paul Whiteman and his amplified jazz orchestra. Whether intended to be or not, it is in effect a skit, satirizing the sort of tragic melodrama made familiar by "Pagliacci." It goes to the extent of introducing the story by a vocal prologue, after the fashion of Leoncavallo.

In workmanship this bit of music drama betokens the amateur's ambition. It is interesting as marking perhaps the first step of Gershwin in his progress from the field of dance music and musical comedy to that of serious music in classical forms. Paul Whiteman, under whose auspices the Negro opera was produced, represents the field of dance music. It is indicative of the leanings of jazz that it was also under Paul Whiteman's auspices that Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" was first performed. Indeed, Whiteman's enlarged orchestra approaches symphonic proportions, if not in size, at least in volume and variety of tonal affects.

Ottorino Respighi, Italian pianist and composer of the new school, who uses ancient modes

It is also indicative of the broadening of the serious art of music in these days that such a welcome was given to Gershwin's efforts by Walter Damrosch, the conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, who is as truly a musical educator as a conductor. Gershwin's music is unmistakably American. That is not merely because it employs the rhythms and intervals distinctive of American dance music, but because it has the characteristics of the American temperament, and really interprets in musical form American characteristics. It is not without interest that within a few days of the repetition of Gershwin's "Concerto in F" Ottorino Respighi performed in New York City, for the first time anywhere, his "Piano Concerto in the Mixolydian Mode." And that was as Italian as Gershwin's was American It is based on one of the church modes and in its first movement introduces a theme from a Gregorian chant. Those

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who have heard Respighi's popular symphonic poem "Fontane di Roma" will hardly be prepared for a work of such severity and noble character as this concerto. It is a relief to hear such music after so much that one hears which is clever or skillful or daring but essentially commonplace. At times one wonders whether this is not a period of merely musical exploration; but these two concertos, unlike as they are, indicate that there are composers who are building with a view to permanence.

Ecce Homo

ABOVE all else in human history stands the figure of a man. However you may explain him, you cannot escape him. Whenever in the civilized world a date is written, he is implicitly recognized. Wherever standards of human conduct are raised they invite comparison with his. Around him have swirled the conflicts of ages. Men either welcome his guidance or shrink from his judgment. The record of but few months of his life has come down to us, but that record has been the subject of more study than any other human life. Even when men have undertaken to explain him as a myth they have not escaped the impress of his dominant and unmatched personality.

Among all the tributes to the power of Jesus of Nazareth in the world there are few so impressive as the attitude of the people from whom he sprang. For centuries his name was not mentioned in the writings of Jewish teachers. This was not because of indifference to him, but because of resistance to what his name in their minds stood for, and to what was done in his name.

It is not strange, then, that when a Jewish rabbi, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, of New York, preached a sermon about Jesus on the Sunday before Christmas a controversy was stirred that promises to continue for some time. What effect that sermon had upon the Orthodox Jew, and how the very discussion of Jesus from a Jewish point of view affects the Orthodox Jewish mind, is described in an article on another page. We shall not here discuss what Rabbi Wise said. In fact, what precisely he did say we do not know. So far his sermon has not been printed, and no authentic copy of the sermon is, we learn, yet available. It will suffice to say here that Rabbi Wise, accepting the findings of Dr. Joseph Klausner's book, "Jesus of Nazareth: His Life, Times, and Teaching" (a translation of which has recently been published), recognized Jesus as a historical character and as a distinctively great Jewish teacher. Instead of quoting Dr. Wise, we may quote as even perhaps more pertinent these sentences from the conclusion of Dr. Klausner's book. After explaining that Jesus cannot be to the Jewish nation either Son of God or Messiah, or even prophet or lawgiver, Dr. Klausner writes (the italics are his):

> But Jesus is, for the Jewish nation, *a great teacher of morality and an artist in parable*. He is *the* moralist for whom, in the religious life, morality counts as—everything. Indeed, as a consequence of this extremist standpoint his ethical code has become simply an ideal for the isolated few. . . . But in his ethical code there is a sublimity, distinctiveness, and originality in form unparalleled in any other Hebrew ethical code; neither is there any parallel to the remarkable art of his parables.

Like most controversies about him, this controversy engendered by Dr. Klausner's book and Rabbi Wise's sermon is really one concerning not Jesus himself but explanations of Jesus. To those who think of religion as a body of doctrines to be believed on authority or a code of laws to be obeyed on authority such a controversy seems vital. That is why the attacks upon Rabbi Wise have been voiced by the more Orthodox among the Jews and by certain of the Fundamentalists among the Christians.

To a growing number of people, however, such controversies are becoming meaningless, or at least of narrow concern. Old codes of law, incrusted by time with explanations that do not explain, become obsolete. Old theologies, incrusted with interpretations that do not interpret, become antiquated and inconsistent with modern thought. But religion survives, because religion is neither law nor doctrine, but life. It was not some new laws that Jesus said it was his mission to impose or some new doctrines to inculcate and prescribe; it was rather a new access to life and to the source of life.

Controversies, therefore, over theories about Jesus are superficial. The fundamental difference between men has nothing to do with either law or doctrine. It is the difference between those who want the kind of life that is embodied and typified in Jesus of Nazareth and those who do not want it, between those who want access to the power that produces that kind of life and those who do not want it. It is the same conflict that occurs within every human being. In a little book entitled "The Religion of Undergraduates," by Cyril Harris, recently published, this conflict is described in a letter by an unnamed college student. He writes:

> I seem to be at war with myself. Two forces fight for possession of me. Sometimes I take sides with one, sometimes with the other. More often I merely look on. Of all things I want peace within, in which to go ahead with my work. But all this struggle takes too much energy. How can I prolong the intervals of peace?

It is this same struggle that Nietzsche describes in his "Thus Spake Zarathustra," and he chooses the side of selfishness and what he calls the superman. There have always been and there will continue to be those who look upon Jesus Christ as the opponent of all that they want and will fight for. But there are those, and their number seems to be increasing, who without regard to doctrines about him revere him, want what he stands for, and would like the power to achieve it. Those who are in earnest in wanting this are discovering that passionate controversies over doctrines and theories about the methods of Christ interfere with their effectiveness in the real struggle that inevitably divides the world into those who are for the Man of Nazareth and those who are against him.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

Tainted Money and the Wisconsin Idea

THOSE who talk of "tainted money" are governed more by the heart than by the head. The very phrase "tainted money" is an appeal, not to the understanding, but to the emotions. It bears no relation to the real problem involved in the acceptance or rejection of gifts and bequests.

Money as such can have no moral taint. If it could, then not only should universities scrutinize the moral qualifications of their benefactors, but the Government should also examine carefully the moral qualifications of its taxpayers. We should have to ask our butcher, baker, and candlestick-maker to reject all money paid them by those who do not

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measure up to the highest social standards.

The trustees of the University of Wisconsin rejected a gift from the Rockefeller Foundation. We have not heard any protest from them against the collection of taxes from the Rockefellers. Moral taint pertains only to persons; and the only taint involved in accepting donations is the taint of being under an immoral obligation. The quality of the obligation depends not upon the giver, but upon the receiver. If a university cannot accept money without being under obligation to the giver which overrides its obligation to those whom it pretends to serve, then it has no right to any endowment at all. If it receives such money without obligation, the university is untainted.

We have heard much talk of the danger to education from the tyranny of private benefactors. We have heard very little of the danger to education from the tyranny of politics. In an ideal state political legislators would have no more to say about education than they would have about the Church. A democracy can and ought to provide funds for education. It ought not to seek to control those funds by a political agency for a political purpose.

Democracy in religion means the right of the people to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and to control their own institutions of religion. It does not mean the control of those institutions by legislatures or county supervisors or any other political institutions.

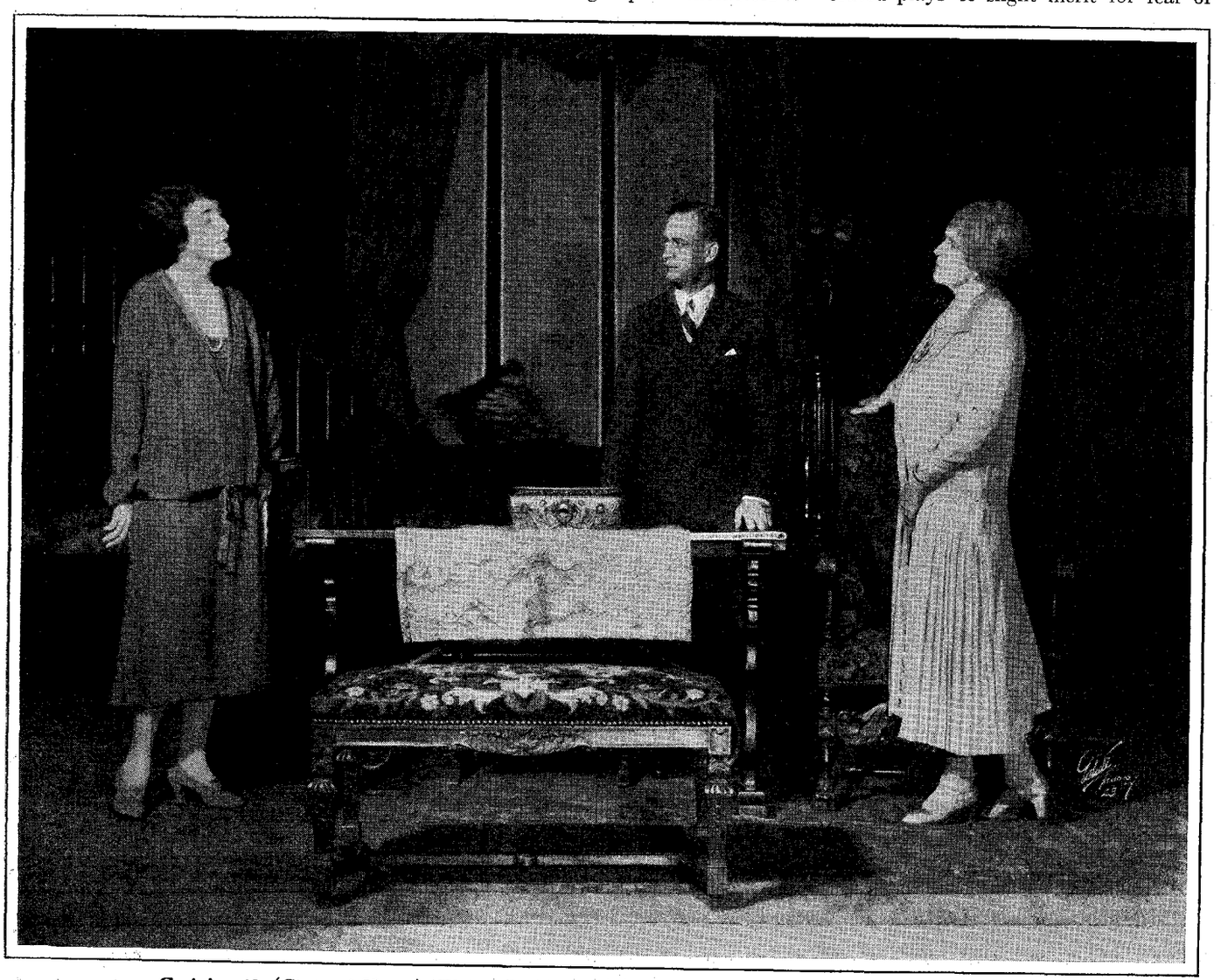
Democracy in education means opportunity for the untrammeled development of the science and practice of teaching. We should be as jealous of keeping politics out of education as we should of keeping it out of religion.

The danger to education from such control as has been exercised by the Legislature of Wisconsin is very much more real and very much more imminent than any conceivable danger from any one benefactor or group of benefactors to such institutions as Yale or Leland Stanford.

We do not agree with Mr. Marvin that Miss Zona Gale and her fellow-trustees have furthered a genuine American ideal by their rejection of the offer from the Rockefeller Foundation. We are glad to discover in a recent press despatch the fact that the alumni of the University of Wisconsin are of our way of thinking.

Craig's Wife

THE stage has been crowded with small plays about great themes —chiefly about the eternal triangle. Each new dramatist has felt qualified to tackle subjects great enough for Shakespeare or Æschylus. Since the Impuritans have spoken with such powerful voice, the mere theme of sex has been sufficient to give many a third or fourth rate dramatist a respectful hearing. Critics have either praised or tolerated plays of slight merit for fear of



Craig's wife (Chrystal Herne), Walter Craig (Charles Trowbridge), Miss Austen (Anne Sutherland)
Aunty Austen opens her nephew's eyes to the consequences of his wife's selfishness

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VOL. VII. FORT WORTH, TEXAS, FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1924. NO. 21

REV. LEE W. HEATON, MODERNIST, CORNERED AND EXPOSED

M'MASTER'S APPROVAL OF DR. FAUNCE'S INFIDELITY

AN ADDRESS BY DR. T. T. SHIELDS

(Continued from March 21, 1924.)

Who Was Mr. Hayden?

First of all, I must inquire, Who was this Mr. Hayden? Mr. Hayden had been a member of the Walmer Road Church for about 15 years, and until about a year before the Walmer Road Convention, when he left it to return to Jarvis Street, where he had been a member for many years before. What was Mr. Hayden's record in Walmer Road Church? Was he a thoughtless, irresponsible man, or one who enjoyed the confidence of those who had known him? The answer to that is that at the annual meeting of the Walmer Road Church of 1921 he was elected to the diaconate of that church after having been earnestly solicited by the pastor, according to his report to me, to allow his name to stand.

And at that same meeting, if I am, his own department which was un-

MULTITUDES RECEIVED LIKE THIS

LONE OAK, Texas,
April 6, 1924.

Dr. J. Frank Norris,
Fort Worth, Texas.

My Dear Sir: My husband is a subscriber to THE SEARCHLIGHT, and both of us have enjoyed reading your sermons very much.

Recently we installed a radio, and three weeks ago we accidentally tuned in just in time to get your sermon on "The Resurrection," which we enjoyed very much. The following Sunday heard you on "The Jew," but not knowing the

100,000 COPIES NEXT WEEK

Full exposure of documentary evidence that Modernism is entrenched in the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Kentucky. It is enough to make angels weep and devils laugh. But the time has come for the full light to be turned on.

A copy will be sent to every pastor in America.

An opportunity has been extended to the members of the faculty in question to reply in THE SEARCHLIGHT.

Rev. Lee W. Heaton, the Modernist, Cries "Persecution" and Denounces the Fundamentalists as 'Scribes and Pharisees'

Very funny, but not strange or new, that when one of these Modernists has been cornered, shown up, exposed,

THE COMING OF DR. W. L. TUCKER

He was with us for one brief week. It seemed all too brief. In every lecture that he gave there were great crowds and the people would cry out, "Go on." He came without much notice or advertising. His crowds grew at every service until the Lecture Hall was packed.

Dr. Tucker has been with us before. Either we are hearing better or he is getting

PROCEEDINGS OF FORT WORTH MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION

On Monday, the 31st of March, the General Ministerial Association held its monthly meeting, and Rev. Lee W. Heaton, Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, read a paper on Modernism, and invited questions. After the proceedings were finished, the questions and answers, a resolution was passed requesting that no publication be made of the discussions.

But the secular press published a part of the proceedings.

Then besides, the session was not an executive session. The resolution did not come at the beginning, and if it had, I would not have remained through the session. Several years ago I took a post-graduate course on the secret sessions of ministers. My view is that what is good for a session of ministers is good for their people. Why not?

That's the way of Modernism. week's issue will be sent to There is too much done behind every home in this city.

Facsimile of issue of "The Searchlight" showing "Two-Gun Norris" on the left without his guns. The Rev. Lee W. Heaton, the end of whose ministry is told below, is placed by Dr. Norris in the devil's rôle

being denounced as Puritanical; and the fallacy that a certain theme is in itself "artistic" has helped to reward mediocre work with attention, and often with good receipts at the box-office.

"Craig's Wife," by George Kelly, now running in New York, with Miss Chrystal Herne in the leading rôle and a most capable company in support, is an admirable example of a first-rate play in which the dramatist has not taken a theme beyond his ability. It might possibly be called a great play about a little theme. That would not be altogether correct, since the subject is a woman's selfishness, its effect upon her husband and their friends, and its final almost tragic result. Mrs. Craig's selfishness is manifested throughout the first part of the play by amusing illustrations of the fact that the spotlessness of her house is of more importance to her than the comfort of any one in it. She is one of the fanatical housewives, familiar to all of us, who would prefer "to see her husband smoke in hell than in the drawing-room," who sends the indignant housekeeper into the garden to dust the leaves of the trees. So hateful does she make her own love for extreme cleanliness that one man remarked as he left the theater: "This play is going to be a great source of comfort to all the flickers of cigarette ash on rugs, and to all those who leave socks and collars lying on the floor and in odd corners."

If Mrs. Craig had carried her peculiarities no farther than this, the play would have been merely a light farce, and she might have retained one or two of her more angelic servants, as well as other persons of greater importance in her household. But her passion was for her house, and she was quite ready to sacrifice everything and everybody to that structure. While the play is to be classified as a comedy, it is a thoughtful comedy, with a central character perfectly developed by the playwright and most effectively presented by the actress.

Mr. Kelly has given the actors possible characters to enact, and put speeches into their mouths which sound as if they really might have been uttered by men and women in America to-day. It may be doubted whether any actress on the American stage this season will have the opportunity to speak lines which sound so genuine as those given to Mrs. Frazier in her account of her annual visits to her daughter in Dayton, Ohio, "where her husband has a splendid position with the National Cash Register Company." And no one could possibly speak those lines better than does Miss Josephine Hull.

Two-Gun Norris Wins

A STORY that began on the front pages of the newspapers has just come to its conclusion in obscurity.

It is the story of a fight between two clergymen in which the fighting was all on one side. From the simple narrative the reader may judge which of the two more nearly approached the spirit of the Master whom they both profess to follow. On the one hand is the persecutor, who offers to tan the skin of his fellow-clergyman; on the other hand is the persecuted, who until his endurance was exhausted continued without reviling to do his duty as he saw it.

Is the story a record of another triumph for Christianity?

Two years ago the Rev. Lee W. Heaton, an obscure Episcopal minister of Fort Worth, Texas, was formally charged with heresy upon the allegation that he had denied the Virgin Birth of Christ. His case became Nationally famous when Dr. Leighton Parks, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, declared from his pulpit that the ecclesiastical authorities were persecuting a helpless clergyman in a remote outpost of the Church for holding the same views as several bishops and important ministers in the East. Dr. Parks invited discipline for himself in asking the Church to start from the top if they wished to try a man for preaching what is taught in the leading seminaries.

Mr. Heaton's case became first-page newspaper copy throughout the country. It is still referred to repeatedly by the British press in discussing modern American heresy hunts. Pages of our American secular and religious papers were devoted to the exposure of every detail of Mr. Heaton's troubles in Fort Worth. Investigators found that the charges were based on statements in which Mr. Heaton did not deny belief in the Virgin Birth, but said that he considered the

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doctrine of how Christ came into the world as a relatively unimportant one. Mr. Heaton told the reporters that he did believe in the doctrine of the Virgin Birth. They found him to be a mystic, a user of High Church ritual, and extremely effective in furthering the spiritual life among his parishioners. They labeled him a "Liberal Catholic."

If his parish had been in an Eastern city, nothing novel or startling would have been seen in his statement. But it so happened that he was a lone voice in a Texan territory dominated by the Rev. Frank Norris, leader of the extreme Baptist Fundamentalists. Dr. Norris is known in that region as the "Texas Bear Cat" and as "Two-Gun Norris, who gets his man." His powerful Fundamentalist paper, "The Searchlight," opened fire on Mr. Heaton. He printed full warning that he would not tolerate Modernist ministers in Fort Worth. His pronouncement was—

> Notice is hereby served that any man who occupies any pulpit in this city of any denomination, and any teacher or professor who holds a position of trust in any school—if said teacher or minister openly advocates the evolution theory or any phase of modern infidelity, he may just as well prepare to go to the tannery that operates 365 days in the year at the First Baptist Church. We have no apology in the world to offer for the defense of the Gospel and for hanging the hides of the first cousins and defenders of the orang-outang on the topmost telephone poles in the city.

Dr. Norris boasted that Heaton would be driven out of Texas in six months. Reports from the battle-front indicated that the "Texas Bear Cat" had enlisted the sympathetic aid of the Episcopal diocesan bishop and of an element in Heaton's parish which wished to gain control of that parish for purposes not entirely spiritual. The bishop indorsed the charge of heresy with the statement that he believed Heaton guilty, but, "inasmuch as similar interpretations are held by those belonging to a higher order of ministry," the question of trial would be held pending. This left Heaton in the position of one condemned as guilty and not given the opportunity to prove himself innocent, but still left in charge of an important parish of the Episcopal Church. Another church of the same communion was started just up the street and efforts were made to draw away Heaton's congregation and financial support. Much to the Texans' surprise, Mr. Heaton's flock showed their loyalty and appreciation of his ministry by raising funds for the erection of a larger church for him. The widespread publicity of the methods employed by those who wished to "ride Heaton out on a rail" created a sentiment in his favor.

Four months, and it seemed as if the mild and meek Lee Heaton had won over his powerful adversary, "Two-Gun Norris." Possibly distressed by the failure of his frontal attack, Dr. Norris attempted a feint. He wrote Heaton in the strictest privacy urging him, in effect, to leave the Episcopal Church and become a Baptist. Heaton decided to remain an Episcopalian. But Dr. Norris was mindful of the latter portion of his nickname, "He gets his man"! His reputation of having the power to break any man in the South whom he wishes was at stake. But he kept everlastingly at it. He used both his guns. Heaton's congregation remained loyal, but their minister was far removed from his sympathetic brothers in the clergy. The attacks wore him down in his loneliness. His bishop continued in his refusal to submit the case to an ecclesiastical court, but left Heaton—condemned as a heretic, ostracized by his diocese, with the most powerful interests in the State aligned against him—to carry on his struggle in an important parish. Last month Heaton capitulated. He could not stick it out any longer. He is now selling prepared-food products in Boston, Massachusetts.

"Two-Gun Norris" got his man.

The Newspaper and Literature

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THERE has just been held in New York a convention of those interested in "schools of journalism." I did not attend any of the meetings because I am a little skeptical of the practical value of these modern institutions whose avowed purpose is to make out of newspaper writers a special professional class. What the newspaper writer needs, male or female, daily or weekly, is a sound liberal education, a broad and discriminating knowledge of the history of literature, first of his own country, and then such as he has time to get of other times and other countries, topped off with a familiarity with the simple technique of the newspaper office. The liberal education he can best find at a good college or university; the technique will be furnished to him freely and bluntly by his city editor if he is lucky enough to get a job as a reporter, a position which is as useful to the would-be journalist as the position of an intern in a great city hospital is to the would-be physician. There is much that is disagreeable and even repellent about the work of the conscientious intern or reporter, but it is educational in the highest degree.

It may be that some of the young graduates of our "schools of journalism" are going to be the great editors of the future, but it is certain that the great editors of the past were not trained in special technical schools. I suppose that all experienced American newspaper men would agree that the ablest, or, at any rate, the most brilliant, writing editor in the history of American daily journalism was Charles A. Dana. He died nearly thirty years ago, before such a thing as a school of journalism was thought of, but I can imagine the kind of ironic editorial that he would have written if anybody had proposed to him a plan of a special school which should supply him with the reporters and writers of his staff. He would have said, and correctly, that the New York "Sun" under his management was the greatest school of journalism that this country has ever seen. He himself got his liberal education at Harvard and at Brook Farm, his newspaper technique with George Ripley and Horace Greeley on the New York "Tribune," and his political experience as Assistant Secretary of War in the first Administration of Abraham Lincoln. But his work as a newspaper editor and proprietor was done in the days when a daily newspaper was regarded primarily as a vehicle of information and interpretation, and not essentially as a commercial and manufacturing enterprise.

It is amusing if not significant that the founders of the two great modern "schools of journalism" in the English-speaking world, Joseph Pulitzer in the United States and Lord Northcliffe in England, were the great protagonists of

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the doctrine that a newspaper is to be judged by its success as a commercial enterprise. The modern newspaper, when it wants to win the plaudits of its readers, publishes statistics, not of its achievements in the gathering and literary presentation of the news, but of the volume of its circulation and advertising. A journalistic "scoop" used to mean that you had beaten your competitors in giving your readers complete and accurate information about some important event; it now means that you have printed in a given period of time more National, financial, or department-store advertising than any other newspaper in your vicinity. Some years ago a clever but cynical New York editor, John Keller by name, defined this commercial view of journalism in an address before the New York Press Club as well as I have ever seen or heard it done. His definition was something like this: "Publishing a newspaper is simply a manufacturing proposition. You buy a raw material called paper at two cents a pound, treat it with a chemical called printers' ink, run it through a machine called a printing-press, and sell it at ten cents a pound." These figures would hardly fit the costs or size of present-day newspapers, but the principle which John Keller enunciated is still sometimes applicable.

This article, however, was not begun with the intention of furnishing a critique on the modern newspaper. My purpose was to ask whether the new professors of journalism are considering with their pupils what is likely to be the effect of the American newspaper upon literature in America. Are we not turning out annually more printed matter and less permanent literature than any other civilized country since Gutenberg invented the printed press? I do not assert this; I merely ask the question. But how can it be otherwise? Even to write a weekly article is sometimes to work under distressing pressure. What must it be to have to write a daily editorial, or a daily book review, or a daily financial article, or a daily column of persiflage? What must be the effect upon a man's views of politics, or literature, or economics, or wit and humor, when the printer's devil is standing at his elbow calling for more copy?

Dr. Johnson in one of his essays in "The Rambler" claims that one reason why the Greek writers are immortal is because they had no newspapers. "There were in those days no weekly or diurnal writers," he says, and adds that "one of the most pernicious effects of haste is obscurity." He refers to "the blotted manuscripts of Milton" as a proof that great literature is only born at the end of hard labor. He quotes Dryden to show that facile poetry is usually frail and fleeting:

> No blood from bitten nails those poems drew;
> But churn'd, like spittle, from the lips they flew.

There are some examples of periodical literature which have a permanent value, but they are few, I think. The only instance in this country that comes to my mind is Oliver Wendell Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which appeared as a monthly serial in the "Atlantic" when James Russell Lowell was its editor. Still, even if Dr. Holmes wrote these delightful and lasting papers as rapidly as they were published it must be said that a month's time will give a man of genius sufficient opportunity for brooding and polishing. There are some striking examples of fine literature produced under the pressure of weekly journalism, but none in this country, as far as I know. In France the essays of Sainte-Beuve, "Causeries du lundi," were contributed every Monday to a daily newspaper of Paris, the "Constitutionnel," and they fill fifteen volumes. More permanent still are those charming and ever modern stories and sketches of Alphonse Daudet, "Lettres de mon Moulin" and "Contes du lundi," which were written and published periodically in the newspapers. Perhaps the most outstanding instance of classic literature which has been created under periodic pressure are the essays of Joseph Addison. Sir Roger de Coverley is an immortal—at least as immortal as the English language—although he was born in a daily paper. Whether there would be room for a similar *accouchement* in a column of reading matter alongside of advertising in the New York "Times" or "World" or "Tribune" or "Sun" is open to question.

Will the Turk Fight?

Correspondence by ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

What Turkey would face in a war with England. The controversy over Mosul has been called an issue between barbarity and civilization

WE have just witnessed two crises—the Greco-Bulgar and the Anglo-Turk. The League of Nations Council acted regarding both.

With the first it averted war; will it with the second?

The primal thing to bring about was not peace, but justice. That was aimed at in both awards.

IN the Greco-Bulgar affair the invasion of Bulgarian territory was unjustified. Hence reparation was due, the Council held, even if, at the time of the occurrence, those provoking it believed it justified. The Greek Government was therefore directed to pay to the Bulgarian Government reparation for material and moral damages done. Athens agreed, and both Governments accepted the Council's military recommendations to prevent future frontier incidents.

THE more complex Mosul problem was harder to settle. Irak, the old Mesopotamia, before the war a Turkish dependency, is now under mandate to Great Britain, as supervisor.

Turkey claimed the northern vilayet, or province, of Mosul for the following reasons:

1. Mosul inhabitants are mostly Kurds, racially nearer, the Turks claim, to them than are the Arabs of Irak.
2. Mosul inhabitants are surely more in sympathy with a strong Turkey than with a weak Irak.
3. But were Irak strong enough to

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grant the Kurds local self-government and the official use of their language in schools, courts, and administrative bureaus, the Turkish Government would have to face greater discontent among the minorities in Turkey proper.

4. The region's wealth has been and is an integral economic part of Turkey.

5. In Turkish opinion, Great Britain is mandating Irak, not for Irak's good, but for Britain's.

6. England, Turkey claims, did not occupy the town of Mosul and its environs before the Armistice.

7. Finally, the Turks regard Mosul as a symbol. Great Britain fears the awakening of the Orient. She wants to diminish and humiliate Turkey, the head of the Oriental movement.

Now as to Great Britain. She claims the vilayet for Irak because—

1. It has always been a part of that country.

2. Without it, having no strategic frontier, Irak would be defenseless and unstable.

3. The Kurds, having known Turkish oppression, turn towards Irak as promising them local self-government.

4. The Christian inhabitants, having known still greater Turkish oppression, turn towards Irak for salvation.

5. The region's economic trend is down the valleys to Bagdad, and not over the mountains towards Turkey.

6. Great Britain wants, first of all, to fulfill a mandatory's obligations to Irak; it has never enjoyed such government as under the mandate.

7. But she also wishes to protect the land route to India.

8. Finally, she desires to assure to her navy and people a proper proportion of the potential Mosul petroleum.

The Lausanne Conference did not settle the dispute. Both sides then agreed that if, within a certain period, they could not reach a solution by direct negotiation, they would leave the decision to the League Council.

The disputants did not agree, and the Council took up the matter. It finally succeeded in making the two parties admit its right to determine a frontier line showing the limit of territory to be administered by each until the final frontier between Turkey and Irak should be established. The Council then drew the provisory Brussels line, so called because the Council met in that city. The two parties pledged themselves not to undertake any military or other movement of a nature to change the condition of the territories under discussion. In addition, Fethi Bey, the Turkish representative, declared an acceptance of the Council's ultimate decision as to the vilayet.

The Council then despatched a Commission there to report on conditions. The report was published last summer. Its main recommendations were heeded in the decision of December 16.

MEANWHILE, during the Council meeting last September there were rumors of massacres of Christians (denied by the Turks), and the Council sent to the scene a new Commission, headed by General Laidoner, an Estonian. I had come in contact with him and had been impressed by his worth. His report amply confirmed the rumors. In September, 1924, on a plea that a Turkish governor had been ambushed, the Turks had chased away several thousand Nestorian Christians from the mountains north of Amadia, and just a year later, from a territory to the west, other thousands of Chaldean Catholics. As to the manner of deportation, I quote from a page of the report:

> Bajo is a village of two thousand homes. The Turks surrounded the village, demanded the forty prettiest women, and murdered their husbands. A week later deportation followed, with the massacre of the old men, the sick, and the helpless children, incapable of following.

When one of the League Councilors read the report, he exclaimed: "This is no longer a Turko-Greek dispute. It is an issue between barbarity and civilization."

In next week's issue

Don C. Seitz

will pay his respects to the latest and lowest thing in American journalism—

The Tabloid Press

This will be the third in his series of six articles dealing with newspapers and their makers.

Given the Turkish attitude towards subject races and the probability of more atrocities, perhaps on a larger scale, the Council was determined to prevent, if possible, another Armenian tragedy. To hand the vilayet back to the Turk would make the Council responsible for the fate of at least eighty thousand Christians, not to mention thousands of Kurds and other Irak inhabitants.

Turkish denials of deportations persisted until the close of the Council's December meeting, when the second officer in the Government at Angora was reported as saying that, if there had been any deportations, they were acts of legitimate defense in the face of populations armed by British agents.

TURKEY'S case presented two points—one of law, one of fact. The first was her statement that at Lausanne Lord Curzon had promised her a vote on the question in the League Council (of course, no pleader is allowed to judge his own case). The second was the fact that the Mosul people's sympathies are divided: most favor Turkey, the Turks claim; most favor Irak, the British claim, and so does the Commission—so long as the British mandate, assuring order, is continued.

"We are prepared for a solution by agreement," the Turks announced on coming to Geneva. They added: "But we shall refuse to yield to superior force. Our army is fully prepared. We have 150,000 soldiers on war footing, and we can mobilize every Turk, young or old, for the country's defense."

This intimidation did not scare the Council.

AT its September meeting I heard Ruchdy Bey, Turkish Foreign Minister, present the Turkish case. At the December meeting Ruchdy, though he had come to Geneva, was silent, and instead I heard the case presented by a supposedly superior Turkish jurist, Munir Bey, Turkish Minister in Bern.

For a couple of hours I listened to Munir's low, even, droning voice and plaintive tone (in contrast to the sprightly terseness of Mr. Amery, the British representative) define, with wearisome repetitions, the Turks' point of view. First, they had never expected an arbitral decision—I was at Lausanne, and the talk I heard was of nothing else. Second, they anticipated only a decision of conciliation, and their delegation's powers did not extend beyond a simple mediation. Finally, they rejected the Council's competence to render a proper arbitral decision, even when supported by the World Court's ruling—and the

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ruling had been that Turkey was bound to accept the Council's unanimous decision. "We will not submit to the World Court's ruling if it goes contrary to our opinions," the Turks had already announced.

They had refused to send representatives to the Court. Yet I, amazed, was now listening to Munir's argument, contesting the Court's ruling, not only because it went contrary to Turkish opinion, but because the Turks had not been on hand at The Hague!

As a matter of fact, the Turks were not "prepared for a solution by agreement." Even when summoned to meet with others in attempts to secure results by their own methods of conciliation, the Turks refused to appear. Yet the tones of League Councilor Unden seemed to me peculiarly pleading as he told the Turks the very first day that the Council would scrupulously conform to its duty of conciliation.

In default of solution in this way, the Council's decision had perforce to take an obligatory arbitral character.

The Turkish delegation was not present at the opening of the meeting. A moment of impressive silence followed President Scialoja's invitation to the Turks to take their places at the Council table. The only Turkish official in the room was the Consul. He did not stir. Then a letter was read from Ruchdy, declining to appear and declaring: "As a state's sovereign rights over a territory cannot come to an end save by that state's consent, Turkey's sovereign rights over all the Mosul vilayet remain entire."

The decision followed, categorical and unanimous. It awarded to Irak nearly all of the vilayet, namely, the territory south of the Brussels line, a boundary considerably to the south of the strategic mountain frontier claimed by Great Britain.

The decision is not to become definitive until the Council has been notified of the London Parliament's approval of a continuation of the British mandate over Irak for twenty-five years, or until such time as Irak shall have sufficiently developed independence to be admitted into the League. Great Britain has six months to prepare a new treaty with Irak, to come into force on the expiry of her present mandate in 1928. The award also comprises guaranties, first, of local administration, including the full use of the Kurdish tongue, and then of free commercial intercourse between Turkey and Irak. "At any rate," a Turk ruefully argued, "the Council accepted one of our proposals, that of equal commercial opportunity."

The two parties to the dispute have now the means of coming to friendly arrangements, above all, in commerce and finance. Strong in her legal position, Great Britain can afford to be generous in all possible compensatory concessions. For instance, Turkey is poor and needs a loan. Direct arrangements with London would assure many immediate advantages impossible to be obtained by Turkey through war, even victorious. Perhaps Ruchdy remembered this when he said to a friend of mine at parting, "We intend to be friendly with England."

This flatly belies the Turkish militarist attitude reflected in Constantinople press comment—of a sincerer accent, just the same, than in certain artificial English attacks on the London Government. "Henceforth we are the declared enemies of everything English," says the "Djumhuriet;" "the whole mandatory system is nothing but a farce, destined to legitimize tyranny, slavery, and usurpation. . . . We will save Mosul as we have saved Smyrna, Adana, and Brusa." "The redeeming feature of the decision," adds the "Aksham," "lies in its exposure of Europe's imperialist mentality. Otherwise the decision has no value. Turkey will herself solve the problem."

Militarists declare that this means, if not an invasion of all Irak, at least the immediate occupation of northern territory, including the town of Mosul.

The Turks will find there the English, who have been in possession of the vilayet up to the Brussels line. A Turkish movement nearer Constantinople could precipitate an English occupation of that city.

If British mandatory authority be too far resisted, the League can enforce economic and financial and then military sanctions. Thus the Turks may face, not England alone, but the collectivity of League nations. Even Russian Bolshevism, inciting Turkey, as it does, might then think twice.

Paris, December 22, 1925.

College Youth and the Church

By Stanley High

This correspondence from the Evanston Conference holds high promise that the younger generation will see clearly the essentials of religious unity.

Those who are addicted to excessive concern lest the younger generation be demoralized by extreme frivolity, on the one hand, or extreme radicalism, on the other hand, may find some ground for reassurance in recent developments among college students. The World Court Conference at Princeton, initiated and carried through, as it was, by students and backed by a student-directed campaign of education, should serve to disarm that rather large group of youth critics who have insisted that college opinion on world peace was dictated by impractical extremists. And now, at Evanston, another group of college students—nearly one thousand of them from two hundred colleges and representative of twenty-five denominations—have undertaken an appraisal of the Christian Church as a channel through which young people can work.

Evanston, it must be pointed out, was not a superficially generated conference with students out for a frolic at the expense of their tolerant elders. The two young men who came from western South Dakota on a freight train and the rather considerable number of others who rode by night in the day coaches because Pullman fare was lacking typify the spirit that characterized the entire group. The most general contact with college campuses of the present day will serve to indicate the widespread interest that prevails in regard to the problems with which the Church is organized to concern itself. Evanston was a reflection of this interest and more than any other development brought it to a definite focus.

It should be said also that Evanston was a starting-point—not an ending. At the first day's session student discussion revealed a widespread hostility toward resolutions and expressions of abstract opinion. When it came to appointing committees to consider the issues raised,

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the instructions to those committees called, not for general declarations, but for lines of action. Again and again from the floor of the Conference students protested against mere expression of opinion, and asked for information, for statements from those who had had actual experiences in regard to the problems under consideration. And the three hundred non-participating non-students —church board secretaries, Christian Association leaders, bishops, preachers, and laymen—who thronged the balcony expressed amazement at the aggregate information which the student discussion brought forth. Thus Evanston endeavored to launch certain definite projects, certain undertakings which youth might carry through, actual experiments which youth might initiate through the Church.

Evanston, moreover, represented the first tangible bridge that has been built between Fundamentalists and Modernists. By that I do not mean that Fundamentalists and Modernists—and both extremes had worthy representation on the floor of the Conference—affected an understanding at this Conference. Much more important than any formal agreement that they might have drawn up, however, was the fact that during the discussions of more than three days both extremes considered together their common Christian obligation to the problems under consideration and did not once go off into theological dispute. There is no doubt but that on certain questions the vote taken registered a wide difference of opinion on questions of belief. But both conservatives and liberals voluntarily refused to discuss these issues in the interest of finding agreement on those social and international matters which are of common Christian concern.

If any single conviction dominated the entire Conference, that conviction may be said to have been the almost unanimous demand for the organic union of all Protestant denominations. The Church was considered in relation to race, to war, to industry, and to community welfare. And when each specific problem arose the conclusion was speedily reached that solution was delayed—and probably would continue to be delayed—until Protestant unity could be achieved. One of the outstanding contributions of the Conference was made by a delegation of Canadian students who brought to the discussion their experiences in relation to church unity in Canada. The project most definitely recommended to the Continuation Committee was a proposal to begin this process of unification by undertaking, first of all, the union of the young people's organizations of Protestantism. A student study of the ways and means for accomplishing this end has already been agreed upon.

A large proportion of the students who came to Evanston were uncertain in their attitude toward the Christian Church. They came because the program of the Conference called for a fair statement of both sides of the question—the case against as well as the case for the Church. The most extreme critics as well as the most uncritical friends of the Church were promised their day in court and had it.. It is altogether probable that Evanston did not bring about many conversions of view-point. The Conference did not and, doubtless, could not achieve a unity of attitude. What it did achieve, however, was a unity of purpose. It revealed how far, in matters of fundamental importance, those who held widely differing theological opinions might travel together, and brought about a genuine determination to express that unity of purpose by action, if possible, through the channels of the Christian Church.

The Storm in the Corn Belt

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

FROM my watch-tower down here, the growth of agrarian unrest was the most significant and, looked at from a particular angle, the most alarming development of the last few days of the old year. I see in it the brewing of a storm which is likely to blow great guns through the early months of a new year—a storm that almost certainly will destroy the orderly progress of the only well-ordered Congress that I have ever seen in action; a storm that may buffet the old ship entirely off the old track and force its navigators to lay a course for a new port.

My opinions on this subject may not be sound. I am personally willing to advance them and to take responsibility for them. They will not be pleasing to advocates of Government price fixing. No more will they be pleasing to those who think that agriculture should work out its own salvation. They are not pleasing to me. I do not expect them to be pleasing to anybody.

The question is, Why are farmers dissatisfied?

The answer is, Farmers are dissatisfied because they are not making money.

Having made a categorical answer to a catechetical question, I may be permitted to explain in some detail.

The fact that farmers are dissatisfied is not, I suppose, questioned by anybody. We may as well—indeed, better a long sight—admit at the outset that the dissatisfaction has been considerably fomented by demagogues. But it genuinely exists, and would genuinely have existed if there had been no demagogues. It subsided appreciably with the return of fairly good times, or of what the farmers were told were fairly good times, and which seemed so to them because of prices somewhat higher. But within the past few weeks it has flamed up again angrily, particularly in that great producing region stretching from the eastern border of Ohio to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It has flamed, too, in other producing sections, but not so fiercely.

FARMERS have found out that, for them, there has not been a return of good times. They have found that prices are not actually higher, though they receive somewhat more money for the things they sell. The price ratio between what they have to sell and what they have to buy is still against them, and more markedly so this year than it was last year. They can buy a little more of what they need with some of their products—with butter, for instance. But they can buy less with others of their products—with, for instance, eggs. So it goes through the whole list. The composite price of what the farmer consumes has gone up, and while the composite price of what he produces has gone up a little too, it has not gone up enough to hold his purchasing power where it was a year ago, when it seemed just to have begun a slow recovery from

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a five-year slump. The farmer is still not making money, and the farmer therefore still is dissatisfied—more intensely dissatisfied than before, not only because of hope deferred, but because of hope snatched from him when he thought it was realized.

Now, having offended all those readers who insist that the farmer is really pretty well off despite all that has been said to the contrary, let me proceed to offend the farmer himself.

There are three principal reasons why farmers are not making money. One of them has already been mentioned. His purchasing power is below that of other groups. He is not responsible for that and cannot himself do anything toward correcting it. The second is that his taxes are too high. So far as I know, every sound economist who has studied the subject agrees that the farmer is overtaxed with relation to other groups. For that the farmer himself is partially responsible, and he may be able to do a great deal toward curing the evil. The third, and much the most important, is that the valuation placed on his land is, out of all reason and out of all conscience, too high. I do not know whether he is responsible for that or not, and I do not know how much he could do toward changing the situation. I do know, in the farmer's favor, that a great many farmers bought the land, and that all of them pay taxes on it at that unconscionably high valuation. I do know, too, in the farmer's disfavor, that he is not willing to squeeze the water out of his land and let the price of it sink to where it actually belongs. He wants to retain the fictitious value in his land. Perhaps he is not to be blamed severely. It is not in the nature of any man to be willing to see a $500 investment shrink to $125. It would mean bankruptcy in many cases.

Then, too, the farmer claims, and with some justice, that there is water in everybody else's values. He points particularly to the railroads. And, more or less naturally, the farmer does not want to squeeze his sponge until the other fellow does some squeezing too. Just the same, if the water were squeezed out of farmland values the biggest single thing would be accomplished toward giving the farmer a profit on his labor and his investment—toward, in short, putting the farmer in position to make money.

I am in favor of squeezing harder than most people will admit is necessary. I have always contended, and I think I always shall contend, that there is not an acre of land in the United States worth more than $100 for the purpose of producing general crops and live stock. I have some acres that, mainly for sentimental reasons, I would not sell for any such price, but they will not produce fair dividends on any more than that. That is about the return-producing value that many other farmers have found to be right.

TEN years or so ago there came to Washington from Iowa, where the land is said to be better than anywhere else, and where it is certainly higher priced, a hard-headed old farmer of Scotch ancestry. First he was in the Department of Agriculture, and then in the Treasury Department as a member of the Federal Farm Loan Board. He was a good farmer. He said that, on a valuation of $250 an acre, the best he could do was to make his investment return a dividend of two and a half per cent. And that was when commodity prices were high. When the price of land in his section reached $250 an acre, he sold. If he had held on, he could have sold later for more than $500 an acre, but if he had let the boom pass and held the land until to-day he would be complaining, as so many thousands are, of losing money on his investment, of production costs in excess of the selling price of crops.

Of course, land is not selling at those high prices now. It is hardly selling at all, except under the hammer, and forced sales do not establish a market. But it is still held at the boom-time valuation, much of it is still to be paid for at that valuation, and all of it is taxed on that valuation. In this last regard the man who never bought or sold boom land, but kept steadily on working the acres that he had worked all his life, is just as much the sufferer as the boom buyer.

I believe it is a fact beyond question that farmers should not pay so large a proportion of State, county, and local taxes as they now pay. Bringing farm lands down to their real value would help in arriving at a proper basis, but, alone, it would not accomplish a great deal. Assessing authorities have a way, necessarily, of stepping up the rate when the value is stepped down. Nobody knows just how this tax problem is to be solved. Has anybody, from the beginning of the world until to-day, ever known how any tax problem was to be solved except in makeshift, slipshod fashion? The farmers, however, believe that the solution is to be found in an adjustment of the burden so that it will rest less heavily on physical property—visible property, that is—and more heavily on invisible property. They may be right or they may not. Anyhow, this is one of the grounds of their discontent. They are making efforts in many of the States to get new tax laws; and their dissatisfaction, once aroused, extends to the National system, though farmers pay comparatively little income tax.

THE farmer, however, does pay a large part of that other kind of Federal revenue—tariff taxes. And the hot resentment that has welled up in him and overflowed during the past few weeks is more at the tariff than at anything else. He believes that the Fordney-McCumber tariff is a bunco game with himself as the victim, that agricultural products are given protection in name only, while manufactured articles are genuinely protected, with the farmer forced to pay, in large part, the cost of it.

The demand for the establishment of a Federal export corporation to dispose of crop surpluses—and this is the burden of the song of discontent that has risen to a crescendo over the corn fields and hog lots during the past few weeks—is really a tariff demand. The farmers want a tariff that will protect them when they have a surplus. They may be willing to give the surplus away, but they want what they call the domestic price for a sufficient part of the crop to meet the domestic demand. They say that the manufacturer has exactly this kind of tariff, and they threaten to tear down his tariff wall unless he opens the gate to them.

WHAT is expected of a Federal export corporation—and all that can be expected of it, even by the most optimistic—is that it would dump the surpluses abroad at whatever price they would bring, leaving the bulk of the crops at home to be sold in the domestic market with a tariff wall around it sufficiently high to keep imports out until the price rises high enough to afford a profit to the domestic producer. Much wild talk to the contrary notwithstanding, that is what the export corporation means and all that it means. I do not know that it means as much as that. The Administration, apparently, has not believed that it does.

But the Administration has, just as apparently, quite recently trimmed its sails to the wind. That protest which rolled across plains and prairies and reverberated from the Alleghanies to the Rockies shook the White House. A spokesman for the President issued a statement to the effect that the country misunderstood the President's Message and his address delivered before the

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American Farm Bureau Federation on the day before his Message was read. Secretary of Agriculture Jardine issued a statement that, having got the co-operatives' aid bill behind him, he was ready to turn his attention to the surplus problem. He is calling conferences of all sorts of interested groups.

I do not suppose that the convictions of the Administration have changed a hair's breadth. I do suppose that the political situation grew so alarming, the revolt of the Middle West and the West so imminent, that concession had to be made, and that speedily. I suppose that Mr. Jardine is diligently trying, with the support of the President, to arrive at some basis for a surplus disposition bill that will accomplish something beneficial to farmers without throwing our economic machinery out of gear. I do not suppose any bill that the conscience of the Administration—a conscience that must necessarily have one subconscious eye on the manufacturer—can approve will satisfy the advocates of Government price fixing and the like. I suppose that monkey-wrenches are going to be fed into the Congressional thresher and that broken teeth will whizz and fly and hurt a lot of people. I suppose the Administration will be able to hold off anything in the nature of Government price fixing, but I do not suppose that Calvin Coolidge will ever again have the solid support that he once had from the West and the Middle West. I suppose that whatever hope there was for another term for Coolidge went glimmering in the last week of the old year.

WILL there be any surplus disposal legislation at this session of Congress? I do not know, and the showdown is too near at hand for guessing at. It depends on how far the Administration will go to meet the farmer and how far the farmer will come to meet the Administration. I think I do know that the farmer protest—which, as I said before, is really a protest against the tariff—will feed bolts and bars and calked horseshoes into political machines until something is done.

Of What Is Science Thinking?

Correspondence from the recent Kansas City meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science

By ALBERT G. INGALLS

ONCE a year, in some large center, several thousands of American scientists gather in order to read papers describing their researches, to listen to lectures by one another, and, equally important, to rub shoulders, hobnob about science, and thus maintain a mutual acquaintance. This constitutes the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a body of some sixteen thousand men and women representing all branches of science.

Thus the annual meeting of all these people who have widely varied interests in science is a kind of clearing-house for the current advances in research. It is also a great mouthpiece through which the several sciences may make known to the public what they have been doing during the year past—what researches have been attempted, what results accomplished. For to-day the scientist clearly realizes that the future of science is in the hands of the public, which furnishes the funds whereby his research may be performed.

Always, or nearly always, the public obtains its strongest impressions of the important meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science from the newspapers, and in the last analysis the only kind of news reports which may be consistently marketed to the greatest number of newspapers are the kind which the masses of their readers will read and understand. Thus, while we have had excellent popular and semi-popular newspaper accounts of these great scientific gatherings, notably from such papers as the New York "Times" and the Kansas City "Star," to many editors it has evidently seemed impossible or impracticable to present a serious and accurate depiction of what our scientists are doing and saying, and, in short, to give a clear idea of what they are really like.

In many cases of reporting, the necessary compromise between the abstruseness of the scientific account and the popular report, there has been an ill-conceived effort to revert to the use of humor. Humor, however, does not of itself leaven the abstruseness of science. The result has undoubtedly been to leave in at least the less appreciative and less understanding majority of lay minds the general impression that scientists are a peculiar kind of people who spend their time searching for the bizarre, the paradoxical, the "stunty," and even the sensational aspects of their work.

Thus we might pick up our morning paper and read something like this: "Florida real estate will soon become even more valuable than that of Manhattan if the predicted return of the Glacial Period drives mankind out of the North, crowding millions into the uninvaded portions of the country. This is the purport of an address delivered to-day at Omaha before the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Professor Sirius Orion, noted geologist and cosmologist. The professor's hearers were noticeably perturbed until near the close of his address, when he explained that he was using the word 'soon' in its geological sense, and that if the ice mantle should return it would not push our descendants southward for another 20,000 years."

Noticeably, however, as mentioned above, the newspapers are gaining a clearer insight into the nature and significance of science to civilization, and some of them are treating it seriously as well as with great popular interest.

THIS year the American Association—the entire name is more than a mouthful—held its meeting in Kansas City, and it was therefore attended mostly by scientists from the Middle West and West rather than from the East. In this space it will prove impossible to summarize even a fraction of the interesting papers delivered, nor is this desirable, since at such a meeting there are always a few addresses that stand far above the rest in interest or in significance.

Possibly the most outstanding aspect of the Kansas City meeting, as your cor

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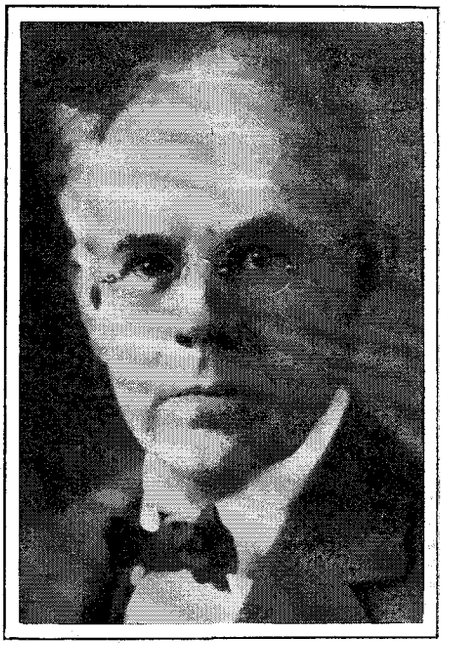
(C) Keystone

Michael I. Pupin, President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science



J. McKeen Cattell, retiring President of the Association

respondent saw it, was the realization that the support of future science depends on the proper sort of publicity which present-day science receives, and also that if scientists are to perform their labors efficiently they must be relieved from the petty worries of maintaining or attempting to maintain a growing family on a meager stipend of two or three thousand dollars a year.

There was manifest at Kansas City a feeling among scientists that science has been too unimaginative, too specialized, too narrow in its way, and that its daily struggles after truth are, or ought to be, consciously directed towards some greater end. Without doubt this feeling reflects the surprise of scientific men following the Dayton, Tennessee, evolution trial—surprise that the intentions of science have not been understood by the world at large; it also takes in the feeling that many of the lesser scientific men have remained limited in vision and depth—that they do not see that science is only a means to living.

AMONG purely scientific matters dealt with at Kansas City the most outstanding was the continuation of the friendly struggle that is now going on between two great concepts—Einsteinism, as exemplified by the abandonment of the theory of the ether of space, and the older concept of the ether which Einsteinism would displace. This struggle was brought to a head by Professor Dayton C. Miller, of the Case School of Applied Science (Cleveland), who explained in careful detail his more recent experiments, which indicate that the ether does in fact exist and that we are swimming in a sea of it. Professor Miller's careful research has thrown a monkey-wrench into the Einstein wheel, although it has far from discouraged the enthusiastic exponents of Einsteinism.

Within the past three or four years, and especially within about one year, three strong, empirical vindications of relativity have been reached by research. The first was the bending of rays of light which pass close to the sun. This has been studied by Dr. Charles E. St. John, of the Mount Wilson Observatory, in California, who explained his work at the Kansas City meeting, and who, by the way, was photographed by a humorous press correspondent while having a prearranged argument with Professor Miller (N. E. A.)—an incident, by the way, which points out that in most cases the battles between great opposing scientific concepts are only between the concepts themselves, and not between their respective proponents. Even where their beliefs clash, a remarkably fine fellowship exists between scientific men the country over; in fact, the chief urge in the minds of many of them to attend the annual meetings of the American Association is for the expression of that spirit.

A second vindication of the Einstein theory is the manner in which light coming to us from a peculiar and extremely dense or "heavy" star called the "Companion of Sirius" is affected, as discovered by Dr. Adams, of the Mount Wilson Observatory; while the third substantiation was the celebrated pipe experiment conducted at Chicago by two physicists, Professors Michelson and Gale. This was explained in a previous issue of The Outlook.

Thus, agreeing with Einstein, many scientists have thrown out the ether of space, and the several previous attempts of Professor Miller to counter this tendency by explaining his experiments which seem to demonstrate the existence of the ether had previously been more or less passed over, as if resulting from some mistake in technic or from some systematic error. Professor Miller therefore reperformed his experiments on a greater scale, making during the past year more than one hundred thousand observations, all of which have demonstrated the existence of the ether as an actual thing, and all of which were consistent with one another in showing that the earth, and indeed the entire solar system, is moving through it in the direction of the constellation of the Dragon at the rate of about 125 miles a second. This motion, or drift, through the ether appears to be accelerated when we are on the advancing side of the earth, and retarded when we are on the retreating side. It varies throughout the day in a consistent manner, also at various seasons when the earth moves in different parts of its orbit with respect to the general motion towards Draco. The final proof of the existence of an objective ether would have the effect of knocking an important prop from under the Einstein theory. Most scientists are strongly actuated by the true scientific spirit—that is, the spirit of search for the truth. Dr. R. A. Millikan, foremost American atomic physicist, explained at the Kansas City meeting that the only people who *know* they are right are the atheists and the Fundamentalists. The scientific mind never crystallizes, and it is unlikely that science will ever settle down to a state of established rest. It may therefore be a long time before the Einstein theory is either established or disproved.

Professor William MacDonald, historian, of Yale, in addressing the Committee of One Hundred on Scientific Research, pointed out that our force of pure science workers was rapidly being depleted by large companies and laboratories engaged in applied science, which offer far larger salaries than these men could earn as professors. This is in line with the recent utterances of Secretary Hoover, who clearly sees that all our material progress depends on the basic, underlying stratum of research in pure science. In a different way, Dr. R. A. Millikan pointed out the same thing by showing that our entire mechanical culture rests squarely on the discovery made by Galileo that the natural state of mat-

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ter was not simply that of rest, as had been taught by Aristotle and erroneously believed by the whole world for two thousand years. From this discovery, simple as it sounds, our entire science of mechanics took root and the mechanical or industrial revolution finally resulted.

Our leading scientists are at present seriously concerned with the important obligation which rests upon them, to use their influence to guide the paths of the future in such a way that no event or accident of history shall injure the future health of this invaluable growth called science. It is such problems as this, rather than the grist of new knowledge of the second order of importance, which largely occupies the thoughts of the leaders of the American Association when they gather in conclave during the annual meetings.

A way must be found to keep uncovering more Galileos.

Yale's New Museum of Evolution

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

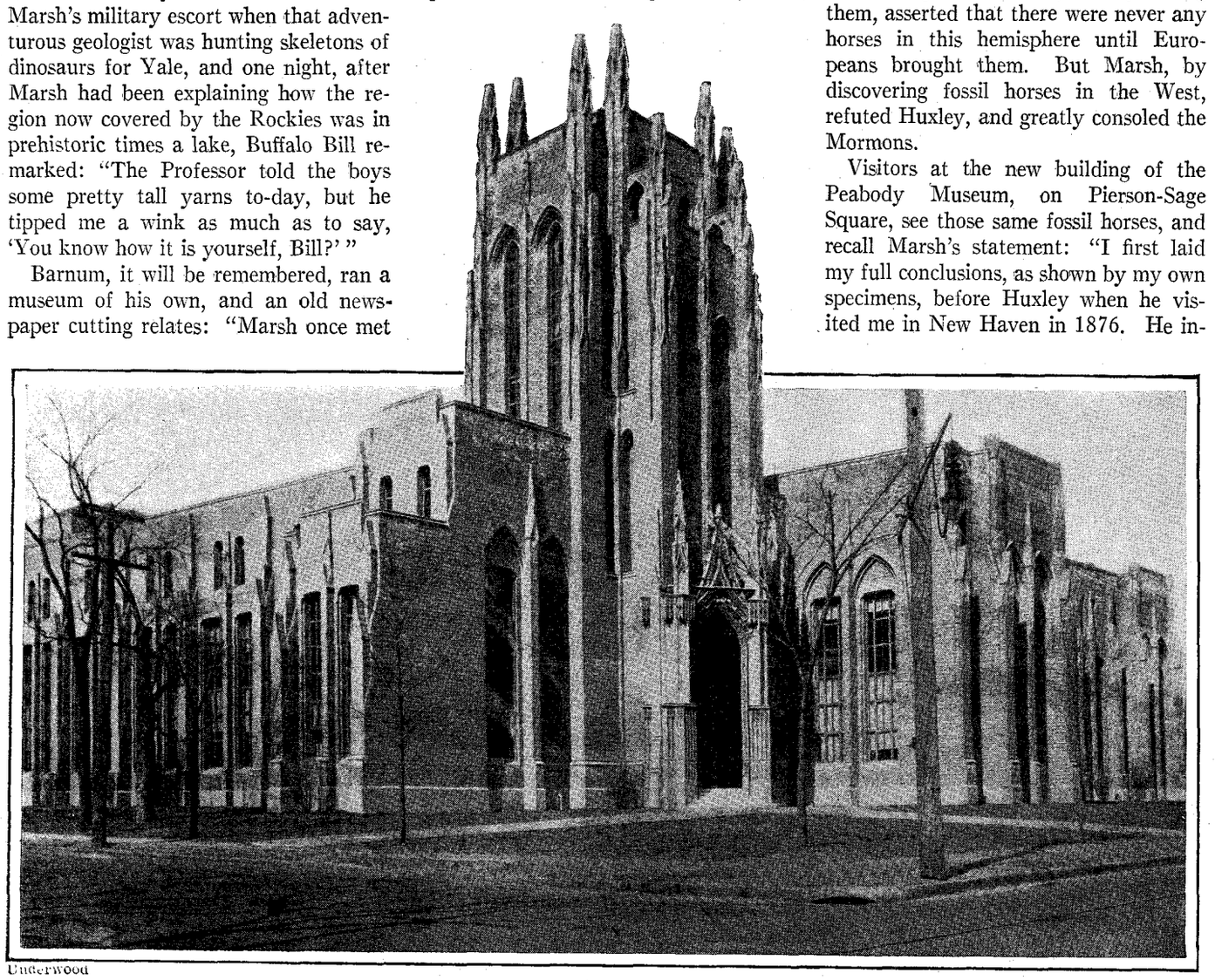
BUFFALO BILL, P. T. Barnum, and Brigham Young figure amusingly in the tales called forth by the dedication of Yale's fine new building for the Peabody Museum, whose invaluable scientific collections are at last reinstalled after seven years of storage.

Buffalo Bill joined Professor O. C. Marsh's military escort when that adventurous geologist was hunting skeletons of dinosaurs for Yale, and one night, after Marsh had been explaining how the region now covered by the Rockies was in prehistoric times a lake, Buffalo Bill remarked: "The Professor told the boys some pretty tall yarns to-day, but he tipped me a wink as much as to say, 'You know how it is yourself, Bill?' "

Barnum, it will be remembered, ran a museum of his own, and an old newspaper cutting relates: "Marsh once met Barnum in a railroad car. He knew Barnum from his portrait, but Barnum did not know him. They entered into conversation, and Barnum told him of a number of curiosities which had been picked up for his museum but which his agent offered for sale before they could be put on exhibition. 'Some little cuss up in New Haven bought them,' said Barnum. 'I thought so,' said Marsh; 'I was the little cuss.' "

To Brigham Young, however, Yale's Museum and its distinguished emissary were precious. Without Marsh Brigham would have been at a loss to explain why the Book of Mormon recognized the existence of horses in ancient North America. European scientists, Huxley among them, asserted that there were never any horses in this hemisphere until Europeans brought them. But Marsh, by discovering fossil horses in the West, refuted Huxley, and greatly consoled the Mormons.

Visitors at the new building of the Peabody Museum, on Pierson-Sage Square, see those same fossil horses, and recall Marsh's statement: "I first laid my full conclusions, as shown by my own specimens, before Huxley when he visited me in New Haven in 1876. He in-



Underwood

The New Peabody Museum of Natural History

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formed me that my facts fully demonstrated the evolution of the horse beyond question and for the first time indicated the direct descent of an existing animal."

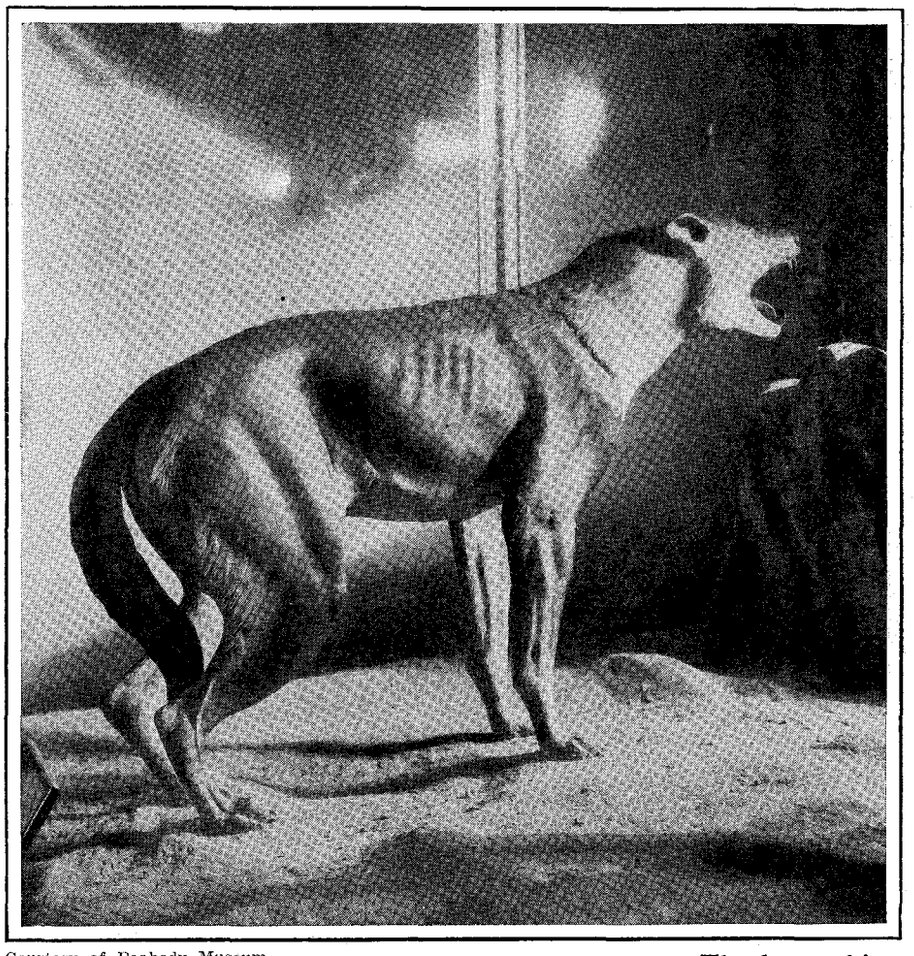
What would Huxley say now? The whole lower floor of the new Museum is given over to a demonstration of the theory for which Huxley contended. No sooner have you entered the Gothic door facing Whitney Avenue and crossed a vaulted rotunda reproduced from the Château of Coucy than you are confronted by a placard inscribed with Tennyson's poem on evolution.

Here, manifestly, is something new in museums. Not a show merely. Not a succession of astonishments for their own sake. Not an exhibition got up mainly to elicit the exclamation, "Isn't nature wonderful?" Instead, something like the evolutionary chapters of Wells's "Outline," with each sentence accompanied by a concrete fragment of reality to establish its truth. For this is emphatically a teaching museum—as Director Richard S. Lull puts it, "a museum of ideas illustrated by specimens, and not merely a curiosity shop, as was the old conception."

In speaking of it thus Professor Lull is far from discrediting his predecessors. If they were showmen chiefly and teachers only incidentally, so were practically all museum directors then, and no one felt much disturbed when a small boy, after visiting a museum of stuffed animals, said that he had "been to a dead circus." But "dead circuses," while fascinating, can be greatly improved upon. Since the demolition of the old Peabody Museum to add room for the Memorial Quadrangle, Professor Lull and his colleagues have had a long time in which to plan improvement. During that long time they reached a conclusion that, inasmuch as the evolutionary idea is central in all modern scientific thought, the prime function of a scientific museum should be to present clearly and effectively the evolutionary idea.

Accordingly, the Museum stars its fossils. Accompanied with colored drawings of extinct animals and with maps showing how the continent underwent amazing changes as era succeeded era, they reveal the prehistoric history, so to speak, of North America. This much accomplished, a fresh serial begins—the story of evolution from that earliest of living creatures, the amœba, right on up to man himself.

Aware that museum-goers still demand something in the line of a "dead circus," Professor Lull provides here and there those entertainingly realistic "habitat cases" in which a painted background, with natural accessories, gives the specimens their appropriate surroundings. Devil-fish swim in an illusion of sea water. Lions slink out from their jungle abodes. A coal-age forest lives again, with tall reeds cast from actual fossil reeds, tree trunks cast from fossils, and painted to look as perhaps it really did look, while a painted background heightens the effect, showing what Pennsylvania must have been in the days when the vegetation that afterward turned to coal was thriving and when the first coal strike was still very far in the future.



Courtesy of Peabody Museum

The latest thing

On one side the bare bones show, on the

At intervals, too, labels become dramatic, recalling great battles of great beasts millions of years ago. Says one such label, beneath the skeleton of a giant bird-footed dinosaur: "That the specimen here presented received a severe injury during life is shown by an elliptical hole about three inches wide in the right shoulder blade. The injury may have been received in combat with a Triceratops, for the hole is such as could have been made by the horn of that animal." Another label, beneath the skeleton of a female mastodon, reads: "The individual here shown had suffered several injuries, possibly from the tusks of rival males—a broken and healed rib on the right side, a split rib on the left, a severe injury in the front of the chest, and one on the left side of the skull just behind the ear." You look, and there are the evidences. It is as engrossing, almost, as watching those battles between great beasts in "The Lost World."

Very interesting also are certain skeletons of prehistoric lizards with wings and of prehistoric birds with teeth. Darwin, who wanted to visit America in order to see them, wrote to Marsh in 1880: "Your work on these old birds and on the many other fossil animals of North America has afforded the best support to the theory of evolution which has appeared within the last twenty years."

Whenever possible, the curators have placed specimens of surviving species alongside specimens of corresponding extinct species, and whenever possible there are conjectural models of extinct animals placed alongside their fossil skeletons. Some are by Charles R. Knight. The majority are Professor Lull's own handiwork. Moreover, Professor Lull has invented a way of combining reality and conjecture by producing half-statues of extinct animals. On one side you see the fossilized skeleton mounted on a silhouette of plaster. On the other side the plaster is modeled in the round, with contours arrived at by comparative anat-

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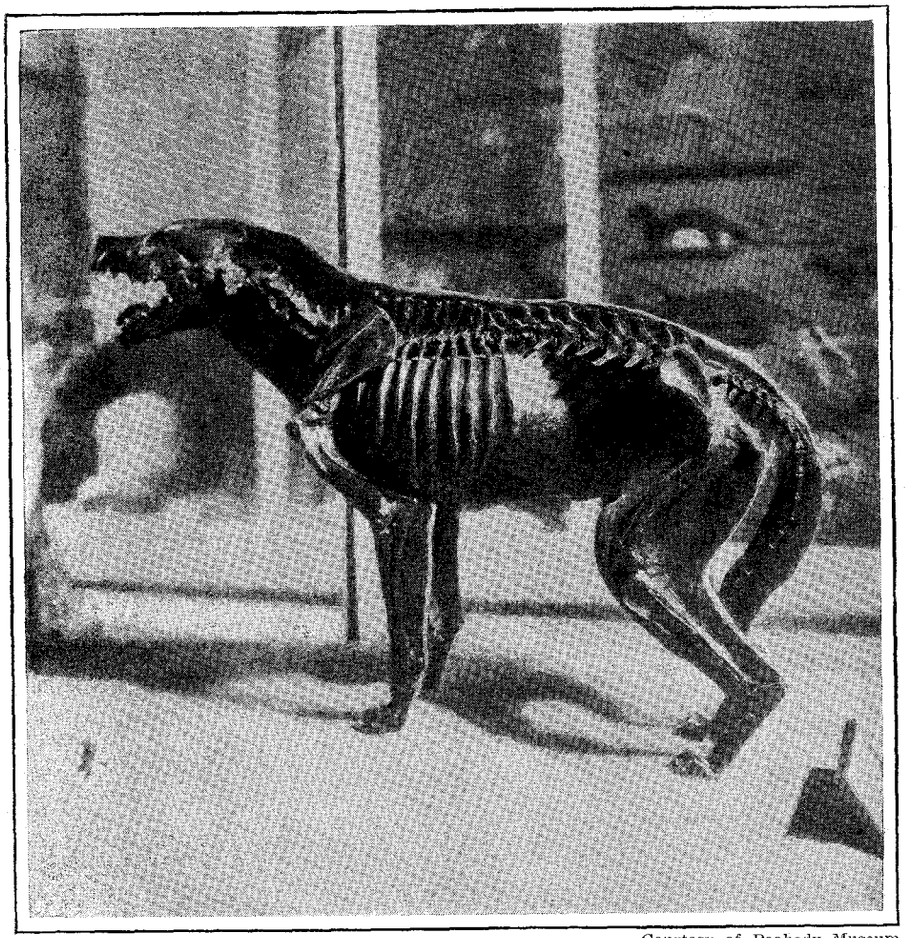

Courtesy of Peabody Museum

in skeletons

other is the animal as it appeared in life

omy and with coloring arrived at by applying known principles of coloration.

A great lark the curators have had arranging their Museum, but in the main they have been altogether serious, sticking to one dominant idea—that of illustrating with concrete evidence the theory of evolution. Toward the end of the series they show you how certain familiar species evolved. You witness the evolution of the elephant, the evolution of the camel, the evolution of the horse. A single display includes a model of the tiny three-toed "dawn horse," a fossil skeleton of his much bigger successor, and a fossil skeleton, still bigger, of the horse that survived in America until the ice age set in and ended his career.

These painstaking reassertions of the evolutionary doctrine, with the evidence worked out systematically over and over again and worked out finally in the case of man, would no doubt have astonished Professor Marsh, so constant is the effort to prove in 1925 what Marsh thought had been settled for good and all in 1882.

Not content with demonstrating evolution in the large, the new Museum at Yale affords demonstration of its various sub-processes, grouping together specimens illustrating heredity, specimens illustrating adaptation to environment—adaptation for concealment, adaptation for flight, adaptation for defense, etc.—and specimens illustrating variation. You see a pair of diminutive jungle fowl with the many varieties of poultry descended from them. You see a rock pigeon and its astonishingly numerous variants. Still more convincing, you see embryology illustrated, and types of primitive man shown in casts from prehistoric skulls and in conjectural heads modeled therefrom.

Having tramped the Museum's entire ground floor, you are still unfatigued, presumably because the simplicity of its arrangement has reduced mental exertion to a minimum. Says Professor Lull: "The old idea was to have crowded cases. Now it is to have comparatively few specimens in cases, each one telling a story, so that interest will be sustained. We are exhibiting, perhaps, one in ten of what we have." Where is the rest?

Down cellar mostly. "Our collections in storage are of tremendous importance," says Professor Lull. "Some of the material has been in the Museum for half a century and never scientifically described. It happens largely because Professor Marsh accumulated a vast deal of material for great monographs and died before more than two of the great monographs were completed." But you will go upstairs, not down, and on the way pause to admire two portraits. One of them shows you the genial white-haired American, George Peabody, who became a merchant, banker, and philanthropist in London, and founded this and several other American museums. The opposite portrait shows you Peabody's nephew, the brown-bearded, keen-eyed O. C. Marsh, who served as a Yale professor thirty-three years without salary, spent over $250,000 of his own money in amassing his collections, and gave them outright to the Museum. "Daddy" Marsh, the students called him, much to his delight, as he was a humorous fellow appreciative of humor in others. He especially enjoyed the parody of Tennyson, beginning—

"Break, break, break
At thy cold gray stones, O. C."

Upstairs in the Museum the leading attraction is a "dead circus" for the school-children of New Haven—stuffed animals and stuffed birds selected chiefly for their interest and gorgeous beauty. More important exhibits up there are as fascinating to children—stones that fell from the sky, lighted transparencies revealing the wonders of astronomy, a display of animals and birds useful in the trades, the fauna of New England, a hall filled with gleaming minerals, and another given over to the ethnological specimens gathered in regions where man is still a lovely savage.

Whole classes from the schools can visit the Museum. A special docent is detailed to guide them through the building and explain the exhibits—not only those on this top floor, but also the evolutionary exhibits downstairs. The schools are responding enthusiastically, and New Haven's leading clergymen have publicly expressed their approval. Evidently, New Haven is a long way from Dayton, Tennessee. As evidently, it is a long time since Dr. Lyman Abbott was denounced as a heretic for writing "The Theology of an Evolutionist." Even the Yale divinity students prize the Museum. Recently one of them took first honors in Professor Lull's course in organic evolution.

At Dayton the scientists were not allowed to speak out, but at that very time the Yale scientists were preparing a concrete reply to Mr. Bryan, and here, in their new Peabody Museum, is the result. It will be increasingly effective. Two reporters who had "covered" the Scopes trial lately visited the Museum. Both of them remarked, "What a pity that Mr. Bryan never saw this!" The dedication ceremonies were attended by the

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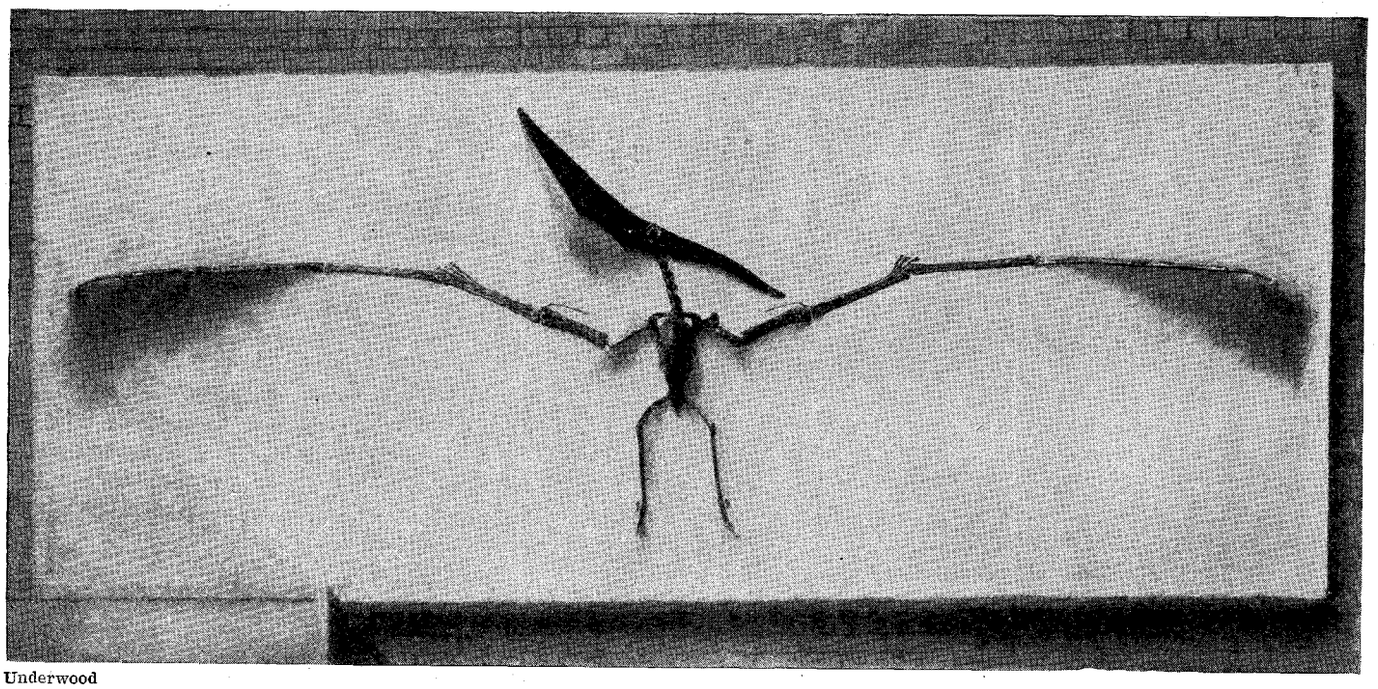

Underwood

A Pterodactyl

All that is left of a creature which looks as though it might have made a very bad pet. You can tell the size of the cage which it would have needed by the bricks in the wall

directors of other museums and by the editors of "Museum Work." All were impressed. Inevitably, the Yale idea will spread, and museums elsewhere will be rearranged in accordance with this plan.

At Dayton Mr. Bryan declared it "more important to know the Rock of Ages than to know the ages of the rocks" —as if belief in evolution were incompatible with belief in God. The Museum officials at Yale do not agree with Mr. Bryan as to that. When The Outlook's correspondent questioned the director on the subject, Professor Lull answered: "We've got plenty of dinosaurs here, but not one speciman of an atheist. For my own part, I am a vestyrman of Trinity Church, down on the Green."

Rabbi Wise Stirs Up a Hornets' Nest[1]

Why his sermon on Jesus aroused the ire of the orthodox, both Jew and Christian

By B. Z. GOLDBERG

RABBI STEPHEN S. WISE preached on Jesus and stirred up a hornets' nest. The Orthodox rabbis are indignant. The Methodist ministers are highly displeased. The Jewish press is unfavorable, and the Zionists, who only recently celebrated Rabbi Wise's return to their fold after a prolonged estrangement, had to see him step aside again and relinquish the very important chairmanship of the United Palestine Appeal, a joint drive for five million dollars for the rebuilding of Palestine as a homeland for the Jews.

Rabbis usually do not preach on Jesus. Orthodox rabbis seldom preach at all. They more often discuss points of the Law instead. Besides, Orthodox rabbis abhor religious disputes; they know their futility and what ills they brought to the Jews in the Middle Ages. Orthodox rabbis do not want Christians to become Jews, nor are they worried lest Jews turn Christian. They have implicit faith in their religion and in the religiousness of the Jewish people. They are well satisfied to leave Jesus to the Church and let bygones be bygones.

REFORM rabbis preach twice or thrice a week. They are sometimes short in topics for sermons. They sometimes crave for a topic that will arouse the members of their congregation and possibly cause general comment. Hence the temple will discuss subjects which the synagogue considers undignified and sensational. Occasionally a rabbi will venture far afield and discuss Christianity. This may bring the much-coveted report in the English daily paper, an editorial in an Anglo-Jewish weekly, or a short *feuilleton* in the Yiddish daily. But no more. There are no synods or colleges of rabbis in the Jewish faith which may assert authority over the individual rabbi. The Jewish religion is highly individual. One rabbi ordains another, and one is as authoritative as the other, except for the additional authoritativeness that may naturally accrue to a rabbi from social prestige and scholarly attainment.

The fact that Rabbi Wise was to speak on Jesus might have aroused only small curiosity among the Jews of America. The fact that this sermon came in the week of Christmas might have raised their doubt as to the advisability of such a sermon from a rabbi at such time. They might have thought it were more tactful not to "butt in" on the

[1] See editorial comment.

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holiday of a neighbor. If Christianity is the gift of the Jew to the Christian—a Christmas gift, so to speak—the giver need not exactly mention it to the recipient just when the latter is about to relish it. Again, too many Jews celebrate Christmas, anyway, and additional prominence to this event will only increase the sales of evergreens among the West Side Jews. Besides, there was a Jewish holiday—Chanuka (the Feast of Lights)—within the same week. This holiday marks the victory of Judaism over Hellenism and the re-establishment of Jewish independence by the Maccabees. It particularly lends itself to Zionistic exhortation, and Rabbi Wise is the leader of American Zionism. Yet no newspaper reported a Chanuka speech by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise.

These are possible grievances, but they would have grieved no one had Rabbi Wise expressed the usual Reform-Judaic expostulations on Christianity at Christmas time—a sort of after-dinner speech, compliment and congratulations. But Rabbi Wise spoke of Jesus and of accepting Jesus, and touched the sore spot of the two religions. He made three definite statements—namely, that Jesus really did exist; that he was a great teacher; that the Jews should accept him as such and as one of their own. The statements are mild enough, yet the storm is great and is not subsiding.

IT is quite easy to make this out to be a struggle between Modernism and Fundamentalism in the synagogue. With very little make-up Rabbi Wise may be made to appear a martyr to liberalism in the Jewish religion and the victim of Pharisaic Orthodoxy. But the case is simply not so. There's no heresy in Rabbi Wise's statements on Jesus. Neither is there novelty or originality in them—at least not for the Jew who knows his Judaism.

Rabbi Wise did not present these views as originating with him. He merely quoted Dr. Klausner, a famous Hebrew writer, editor, and now a professor in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Dr. Klausner has spent his life in the study of historical sources—Jewish, Greek, and Roman—of the life of Jesus. His book, in Hebrew, "Jesus of Nazareth" appeared, in part, in various magazines, and some three years ago was published in full at Jerusalem. Recently an English translation of the book appeared, which Rabbi Wise reviewed in his now sensational sermon on Jesus.

Orthodox Jewry did not have to wait for an English translation to know of Klausner's book. It had known of these very same statements that Rabbi Wise made for full three years, and still raised no quarrel, for it had no quarrel to raise. Klausner asserted that Jesus did truly exist. No Jew, as a Jew, ever doubted it. The Talmud refers to Jesus in several instances. Talmudic legend tells of the punishment of Jesus in the world to come. So does post-Talmudic rabbinic literature take it for granted that Jesus truly existed. This may not have been sufficient proof for Dr. Klausner, but it sufficed for the religious Jew. Doubt of the historicity of Jesus is found only in a number of German *Bibel-Kritiker,* whose pride was hurt by the thought that Arians worshiped a Semite. It is strange that the historicity of Jesus should be news to Rabbi Wise, who is President of the Jewish Institute of Religion.

Neither could Orthodox Judaism find heresy in the statement that Jesus was a teacher. Teaching is not only a religious function; it is also a secular one. Moses was not at all abashed to take a lesson in administration from the heathen Jethro. The Talmud speaks quite respectfully of the "Wise Men of the Nations," and "to learn from all men" is good Hebrew advice. There would be no objection to calling Kant or Tolstoi a teacher; what objection could there be to calling Jesus a teacher?

Nor is there any difficulty about "considering Jesus as a Jew, a fellow-Jew." If you are an Orthodox Jew, you cannot consider him otherwise. It is said in the Talmud, "An Israelite even if he transgressed an Israelite still he is," and a Jewish convert to another religion is considered merely as a "transgressor" and is counted as a Jew in all respects, except that he may be deprived of certain privileges and distinctions, as rabbis may see fit.

THE only possible element of heresy in Rabbi Wise's sermon may obtain in his reference to "accepting Jesus." Of course, he did not advise to accept Jesus as the Christ, for that would be plain and full conversion to Christianity. If he meant to accept Jesus and his teachings in the same sense that he might have advised his congregation to accept James and Dewey and pragmatism, there would be no heresy, of course, but there might be objection. Jews might say to Rabbi Wise: "Now, look here, the ethical teachings of Jesus we do not need; we have had them right along—in fact, Jesus took them from us. Hasn't the Sermon on the Mount its Jewish sources, and did not Jesus say he came to fulfill the Law, not to break it? The theology of Jesus we do not want, if we want to remain Jews; we cannot afford even to let Jesus restate our own ethics for fear that he bring in with them his theology. We do not need Jesus. The world needs him; let her have him."

Again, Rabbi Wise may have meant to say that Jews should accept Jesus on equal grounds with the prophets of the Old Testament. That would be no shock to the unreligious Jew. He has already accepted Jesus in this sense. Denying divine inspiration, the Bible is only literature to him, and the New Testament is as much Jewish literature as the Old. Prophets were poets, and the difference between Jesus and Isaiah is their difference in beauty of style or loftiness of thought. But the religious Jew, except the ultra-Reform, cannot accept the New Testament on the same basis as the Old. If he denies divine inspiration to both of them, he is an atheist; if he grants it to both of them, he is Christian. A Jew must affirm the one and deny the other.

Now what did Rabbi Wise mean by "accepting Jesus"?

He most assuredly meant to make a speech, and, like all great orators, he is often carried away by fine phrase and noble sentiment. There was the Klausner book with its remarks about accepting Jesus, and Rabbi Wise forgot that Klausner is the individual Jew who needs only to deny Christ to be Jew, while Stephen S. Wise is a rabbi, who is expected to have religious attitudes and conviction.

IT is a sign of the religious tension of the times that Rabbi Wise's sermon should have raised such a storm of protest. The apparent lack of toleration is to be decried, of course, but it also needs to be understood. Both Jew and Christian feel strongly about Jesus. One affirms him, the other denies him; but both are on the same ground of faith and reverence. Both are averse to wiping away their historical differences with a mere phrase. The Jew can understand and in a measure sympathize with the Christian's displeasure at Rabbi Wise's making Jesus a mere teacher. Both realize that with most people to-day one's religion is chiefly "anti-any-other-religion," a faith of denial rather than of affirmation, and that nothing will be gained by reducing various religions to one common level of shallowness and empty words; it is only through reaching toward their own inner selves and being honestly themselves that the religions of the world will approach one another. No harm if the steeples vary, so long as all are built upon rock.

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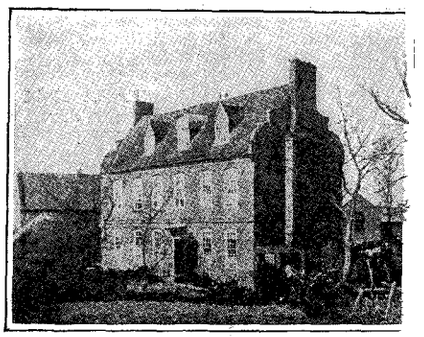
Barham

Wingham



Woodnesborough

Shall Kent Becom

The Menace of C

An Anxious London

With glimpses of the architectural

KENT is proud of her title—the Garden of England. Who can forget the blossoms in spring-time, the flowers in cottage gardens and hedges, the roses that love the clay soil, the hop vines, and the fields of golden grain?

Kent is proud of her history. The two-thousand-years-old road, called in many sections Watling Street, still goes from London to Dover. The ancient British track—the Pilgrims Road—which the Pilgrims walked on their way to Becket's tomb at Canterbury, may still be traced and walked. At Ebbsfleet, by Pegwell Bay, St. Augustine landed; here also landed Hengest and his war band. Richborough (the Roman station Rutupiæ) still gazes over the marshes to ancient Sandwich. To-day the coast towns from Margate to Folkstone are in summer-time the playground of hundreds of thousands.

All this is threatened. Coal—incredibly abundant—has been found in East Kent, in some of the very places where so much history has been made, where so many orchards have blossomed, and where so many Londoners have bathed and played on the sands.

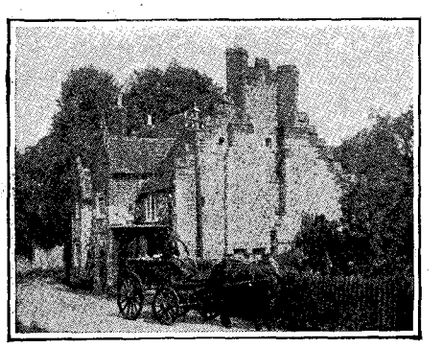
Dover, the Gateway of England, is in the coal area; so are Deal, Walmer, and Sandwich; so are a hundred and more little ancient villages, the names of many of them mentioned in Domesday Books; half-timbered houses, with twisty white lanes leading to them, and all around, as far as the eye can see, orchards and meadows.

Coal can do what the enemy could never do. Coal will conquer East Kent. It just misses Canterbury on the west; it just misses Ramsgate on the north; it just misses Folkstone on the south; but the coal field area is huge enough, alas! to break the heart of the nature lover.

"Coal in Kent" has been the "Wolf! wolf!" cry for so many years that men of Kent and Kentishmen scattered through England and through the world had almost ceased to regard the cry.

As far back as 1855 the fact of coal in Kent was deduced by Mr. Godwin-Austen in a paper which he read before the Geological Society. Thirty-five years later, in 1890, when Sir Edward Watkin was trying by speech and deed to persuade the Government to undertake the Channel tunnel scheme, coal was found by him at the foot of Shakespeare Cliff; but the boring proved unprofitable.

The appetite of the coal seekers had been whetted. Man after man took the coal fever. It is said that since the abortive attempt at the foot of Shakespeare Cliff forty companies have devoted a capital of some ten million pounds to the search. They found coal and they found ironstone, and they per-



Wickhambreux

Deal

Chillenden Court

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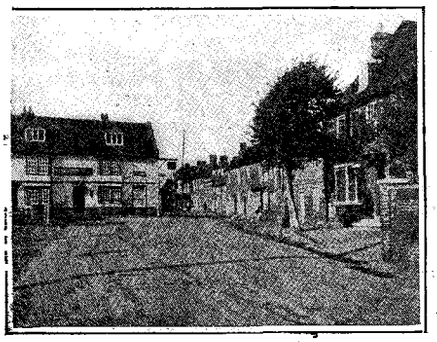


Littlebourne

Barnsole

Wingham

a Black Country?

And the Answer

r by C. Lewis Hind

nents of the "Garden of England"

severed because in the old days Kent was a busy center of the iron industry. The wood of the Weald was used as fuel.

They persevered—especially the firm of Messrs. Pearson and Dorman Long, who purchased from the Government the war "mystery" port of Richborough—and to-day we are confronted by the amazing and appalling statement that the amount of coal contained in Kent *may be* anything between 2,000,000,000 tons and 10,000,000,000 tons; that the coal field on land may be 150 square miles, and under sea 50 square miles; and that during the next generation an industrial population of perhaps a quarter of a million may be added to the eastern region of the Garden of England. An authority speaks of it as a "revolution," and "as the biggest industrial happening in England of this quarter-century."

What are we doing to save the Garden of England from the fate of the Black Country—Durham, Lancashire, Glamorgan?

Happily, we live in wiser and saner days than those when a greedy commercialism was allowed to blight and blacken a countryside. Trained men, foreseeing the disaster that might befall East Kent, have long been at work forming plans to save the fair region, and the old houses, and the winding lanes, and the orchards, from the black hand of coal and the fiery hand of the blast-furnace.

A comprehensive and detailed scheme of town planning has been worked out, following an intensive topographical survey of the district which even included meadows, trees, and gardens.

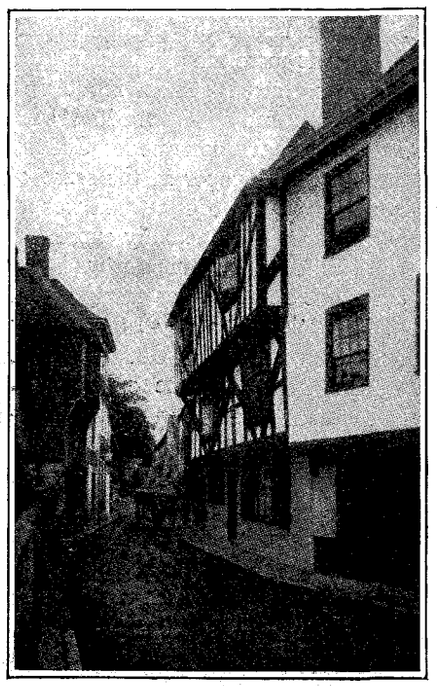
The result is contained in a large and handsome volume, illustrated with many photographs and many maps, called "East Kent Regional Planning Scheme: Preliminary Survey," price ten shillings. So great was the demand for it that I had to wait many days for my copy.

This important book has been prepared for the Joint Town Planning Committee of Local Authorities. The authors are Professor Abercrombie, Department of Civic Design, University of Liverpool, and John Archibald, associate member of the Town Planning Institute.

It is divided into two parts; it shows Kent as it is, its beauty and the record of its past, and then Kent as it may be even under the sway of King Coal; still a land of beauty, still a land where men—crowds of them—may yet live under decent and happy conditions in new towns, garden towns, well away from the coal pits. In part, if not wholly, the Garden of England will be saved. That is the plan and hope.

The advance of commercialism cannot be stopped; but such a book as this—all honor to the authors!—shows that the twentieth century has learned a fine and great lesson.

Goodnestone



Sandwich

Wingham

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The American Press

Newspaper Dynasties and Great Chieftains of Journalism

By DON C. SEITZ

This is the second of a series of articles dealing with the great institution which is the foundation of a free and enlightened public opinion

THE newspaper of to-day, having slipped away from intellectual competition, it may be worth while to look back and give some glances at journals strong in the latter characteristic, whose conductors built up the tradition of true American journalism. There exist three survivors of the pliocene period: the Hartford "Courant," oldest of the American papers in continuous publication, the Charleston "News and Courier," and the New York "Evening Post." The "News and Courier" is published in a singularly conservative community, where it is not good form to print social news or to be anything but respectful in the news and editorial attitude toward everybody and everything. To this tradition the paper adheres, but does not suffer from lack of mental strength. Its editor, Robert Latham, was awarded the Pulitzer prize for the best editorial written in 1924. It is very neat in its make-up, and limited in circulation by the peculiar geographical situation of Charleston, lying as it does between sea and swamp, and cut off from circulation in the hinterland by the very able Columbia "State." Yet it has been published continuously for more than a century and three-quarters, true to the best canons of newspaper conduct. Only one of its owners has been killed.

The best-looking paper I ever saw was a copy of the "Courier" before the "News" came to keep it company, an issue of 1860, breathing secession, but beautiful in typography and perfect in presswork. The paper, of super-quality, was white as snow, and the editorial arrangement most satisfying.

Equally opulent and longer lived, the Hartford "Courant" has been less true to the tradition of its founders and has departed far from the high lines of General Joseph R. Hawley and Charles Dudley Warner. It is bitterly partisan, given to cooking its news where its political opponents are concerned, and cultivating gross unfairness in its editorial columns. Its treatment of so good a man as Hamilton Holt in the last Senatorial campaign is a sample in point. The eminent Charles Hopkins Clark, who conducts the paper, seems to have intellectual indigestion in his occasional periods of non-somnolency.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON founded the New York "Evening Post" in 1804, to head off the Jeffersonians and to sound the trumpet for the Federalists. He chose William Coleman, a very able man, to edit its columns, and Coleman did it well, continuing in control long after Aaron Burr's pistol ended the life of Hamilton and that of his party. A young man named William Cullen Bryant, who became a Federalist at thirteen, when he wrote a precocious poem denouncing Jefferson's embargo, came into the property in the thirties, and remained there for a half-century or so. The paper was a blanket sheet, with long, wide columns and a gift for making money. Bryant came into the new Republican Party with the Civil War, and left it to support Horace Greeley. His son-in-law, Parke Godwin, ran it for a time after Bryant's death. Then it was sold to Henry Villard, who felt rich enough to own a newspaper after completing the Northern Pacific road. He took in E. L. Godkin from the weekly "Nation" and Horace White from the Chicago "Tribune." Then began the paper's golden age. It made more money, perhaps, under Bryant, but it made reputation, public opinion, and a place for itself such as few papers have done under Godkin. It was not a newspaper in the sense of an energized pursuit of news. It was an organ of opinion intellectually expressed. With a circulation hovering around 20,000, it made itself felt as few journals can, and continued to do so until death took the pen from Mr. Godkin's hand and Rollo Ogden became editor, with Oswald Garrison Villard in general command. The standard set by Mr. Godkin was maintained, but business conditions became difficult, and in the war time Mr. Villard abdicated to become the paper's Washington correspondent. He sent to New York the only able material that came from the capital during that period, but returned to find matters too difficult to be dealt with, and sold the "Post" to Thomas W. Lamont, whose brother, Hammond, had been its very able managing editor up to his death. Mr. Lamont, a junior in the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., and once a "Tribune" desk man, announced his purpose to trustee the paper, and so to preserve its pristine purity. The result need not be detailed here. An effort on the part of a group of good citizens who took it off his hands, after several years of failure, could not stand a loss of $2,000 a day, and it was turned over, with some sighing, to the hands of Cyrus H. K. Curtis. There it is now, printing as its leader a warmed-over editorial from the morning Philadelphia "Ledger," sold in that town for two cents and resold in New York later in the same day at five. The purpose for which the "Evening Post" is now published is not plain.

To come down to the illustrious dead, the New York "Commercial Advertiser," turned into the "Globe," was older than the "Post" in continuous publication. The paper was chloroformed too recently to make its biography worth reciting. It was ably edited in the thirties by Colonel William L. Stone, whom William Cullen Bryant once horsewhipped right before the horrified eyes of Mayor Philip Hone, who gives a graphic account of this editorial episode in his celebrated diary.

Besides the "Post" and "Commercial Advertiser," the "Evening Express," with James and Erastus Brooks, two men from Maine, throve in the old days, and in the morning General James Watson Webb's mammoth "Courier and Enquirer" thundered with impotent Whiggery. It was swallowed up by the Sunday-school edition of the present "World" in 1862. For smartness New York had the "Sun" in 1835, founded by Benjamin Day, an Ann Street printer, and following him came the first real journalist in James Gordon Bennett, a Scotch school-teacher, who also reached New York via Maine and was a writer of editorials for Webb.

MR. BENNETT started the "Herald" twice, doing most of the work with his own hands. A fire ended the first attempt; Frank A. Munsey, the

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second. Bennett sold news, not opinions. He was the first American editor to gather it boldly and to make it marketable. His paper was much hated. It explored and exploited a New York society which its editor could not enter, but whose antics rejoiced the common people who also stood outside. Bennett gave them a look-in. When his reporter was admitted to Henry Brevoort's fancy-dress ball hidden in tin armor, Philip Hone nearly broke his heart in anguish over the social decadence that had befallen his set.

Mr. Bennett slurred and slammed society. His paper was scandalous. But it throve, and all his days was rich and remarkable. His son made it even greater. He sent Henry M. Stanley to find Livingstone, and he was found. He covered distant wars in the Balkans, Abyssinia, and Ashantee. He tried to find the North Pole. He raced his schooner yachts recklessly across the Atlantic. He did everything except treat his men well. In that he was a petty tyrant and without friends. When his years grew long, all these things turned up to curse him. His father had given him the "Evening Telegram" to play with. Like the creepers in the jungle, it grew to strangle the parent tree. Doing badly in 1897, he thought to kill it, and would have been wise if he had. The funeral notice was printed, but the ceremony never came off. Office protests saved the bantling. Then began an effort to make it show pay dirt. Selling for one cent to the "Herald's" three, and having about double its circulation, the want advertisements, which were the life of the "Herald," were pumped out of the paper at half rates, to fill the yawning columns of the "Telegram." Thus anæmia set in that was never cured, though several doctors have since tried transfusion. First the blood of the "Sun" was poured into the "Herald's" empty veins, and then the skeleton was fastened to the back of the "Tribune." There it is to-day.

As a side-light on public morals, it might be recited that the Sunday "Herald" printed a page or more of "personals." They were the life of the paper. Many of them were bids to assignations, and so offensive was this phase of publicity to William R. Hearst that he caused Mr. Bennett to be prosecuted in the United States courts for obscene use of the mails. The "Herald's" owner was fined $25,000 and compelled to kill the classification. It also killed the circulation of the Sunday edition, before that the largest in the city. Apparently virtue, enforced, is not its own reward. Whatever the Commodore's sins, the "Herald" did not deserve to die. It was a great newspaper. After the conviction he turned it into a stock company, and "James Gordon Bennett, Proprietor," departed from its escutcheon. So did good luck. Colonel William Jay was the titular head of the corporation, but Mr. Bennett bossed it, as ever, with hands across the sea. Half Scotch, half Irish, debarred from America by a social break, he remained a curious figure, and one of the greatest editors that ever lived. The proceeds of the "Herald's" sale are supposed some time to found a home for decayed journalists in New York—a pitiful return for all that the boys did for its owner—if it is ever created. Few, however, survive in the trade long enough to reach mendicancy.

THE saddest of all tales is the setting of the "Sun." Charles A. Dana, after being Assistant Secretary of War, into which he had graduated from the managing editor's chair of Horace Greeley's "Tribune," went to Chicago to run a daily "Republican." It died, and, coming to New York, he picked up the drifting "Sun," well-nigh out of an orbit. He made it a new thing in newspapers. A biting editorial page teemed with valuable information. A column of "Sunbeams" radiated intelligence. News was gathered, but in a different style from the hectic "Herald." It had to be interesting. So it can be truly said that Mr. Dana made the modern reporter, now becoming obsolete.

What a staff he built up! Julian Ralph, John R. Spears, "Jersey" Chamberlain and his brothers, William McM. Speer, Edward G. Riggs, Willis Holley, Arthur Brisbane, Joseph C. Hendrix, Charles W. Tyler, Talcott Williams, Joseph Pulitzer, S. S. Carvalho, George B. Mallon, Frank Ward O'Malley, and many another man of merit. The "Sun" staff was the glory of the profession. Its editors were of high caliber—E. P. Mitchell, Frank Church, Henry B. Stanton (Elizabeth Cady's husband), Thomas Hitchcock (Matthew Marshall), Mayo W. Hazeltine; and on the managerial side Amos J. Cummings, Ballard Smith, and Chester S. Lord, with "Doc" Wood and "Dad" Clark compressing the night copy.

Amos ended his days in Congress, but he was the brightest spot on the "Sun." One of Walker's filibusters in his youth, he fought through the Civil War, and then, in a ragged uniform, appealed to Horace Greeley for a job. That great man tartly wanted to know if he was expected to employ the whole d——d Union army, and, being told to the contrary, was mollified into asking the ex-private if he had any other reason than being a soldier for requiring work. Amos wheeled about and, gracefully parting his coat tails, revealed the absence of cloth in a confidential part of his trousers. He was employed.

Once when Willis Holley was an office boy and Doc Wood night city editor, Amos, exasperated at some lapse, "fired" the Doctor.

"You don't mean it, Amos!" protested the victim.

"I do," was the reply. "I've stood enough. You're through. The frame is dark"—meaning that the gas was out over the type case, a term for ending employment in the composing-room.

Slowly the Doctor gathered up his few poor possessions—some pencils, a knife, and a pipe. He put these in the pockets of his long linen duster, and went weeping down the rickety old stairs. When his footsteps died away, Amos said to the wondering boy:

"Willis, run down and tell the Doctor to come back. I'm afraid he might get to drinking." He came back.

When Albany correspondent of the Brooklyn "Eagle" in the late eighties, I received a long lecture in letter form from St. Clair McKelway, then its editor, reproving me for certain smartnesses in my copy. I had been sending a few things to the "Evening Sun," just established, with Cummings as editor. While in the depths of depression from the rebuke, I got a thrill which I have never lost the memory of in a note from the "Sun" shop reading: "Your stuff is good! More! Amos J. Cummings."

The "Sun" shone at its brightest from 1874 to 1884. Then it reached its apogee. Contemptuous in his success, Mr. Dana bucked the independent tide that supported Grover Cleveland for the Presidency, and was left high and dry upon the strand. His circulation of 145,000 per day was cut to 65,000, and his prestige was even lower. Mr. Bennett also picked the period to quarrel with the news-dealers, and Joseph Pulitzer, eager and energetic, coming from St. Louis, in May, 1883, took over the "World" and the increment from both mistakes. "Mr. Bennett and Mr. Dana presented me with New York," he once remarked. They did.

The "Sun" had made much money for its owners, one year, it is said, touching $750,000. The large earnings vanished, but the paper held its tone and never diminished in interest so long as Mr. Dana lived. Its doors were always open to the contributor. Anything interesting found place in its columns, and the space rate was good. "Sunbeams" brought fifty cents each, and many a reporter paid his board with these items. Franklin Fyles edited the column with rare judgment. When Mr. Dana died, his son Paul was not equal to the task, and

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the paper came under the control of William M. Laffan. The "Sunbeams" flickered out and much of its merit vanished, but it was still worth reading. Laffan died, and the paper came under the control of William C. Reick, a pupil of Mr. Bennett. He was not intelligent enough to run a paper like the "Sun," and the debacle continued. The flourishing evening edition kept it comfortable financially. It was still the paper of the newspaperman, and E. P. Mitchell kept the editorial page up to old standards of ability.

Mr. Munsey's purchase of the "Press," its combination with the "Sun," and the further extinguishment of newspaper life in the interest of what he called progress and clearing the field are incidents too tragic to be discussed. That they have made a very few newspapers prosperous cannot be denied, but they prosper at the expense of excluded talent, or closed opportunity, and of sound public policy. The profits are not needed by their owners, and go largely to swell income-tax returns. There is small competition in expression; as, for example, in the New York Mayoralty primary campaign, outside the Hearst papers, Mr. Hylan had no fair way of making himself heard, the courts even enjoining his use of the municipal radio plant.

CHICAGO and Philadelphia are in a like situation. The independent "North American" has been swallowed up by the all-devouring Curtis. The "Bulletin" is content with being a very successful newspaper. The "Record" is weak, when it should be strongest of all, being alone in the Democratic field, while the "Inquirer" reflects the policies of the Republican ring. The corrupt contentment of the community remains undisturbed. The great Chicago newspapers are handbills for advertisers, with their readers and the public interest second in consideration. No newspaper ever made so much money as the "Tribune," for example, or made worse use of it. In the days of Joseph Medill and Horace White it was a true "Tribune" of the people. Printed now in a palace, invincible in its monopoly, impregnable financially, it defies competition and has public opinion at its mercy. It has herded the three million inhabitants of the town into a journalistic stockyard. The achievement is marvelous; the result deplorable.

In the Land of the Realtor

By J. LEROY MILLER

A tropical article from Florida, where the coal men cease from troubling but the agents never rest

"JUST cleaned up $3,800."

"That so?"

"Yes. Just sold one of my lots on Tangerine Bay. Bought it for $1,200 eleven months ago, and haven't paid the second $300 installment yet. I've got four more of 'em—easily worth $5,000 apiece."

"Why don't you hold on to them? Water-front property like yours ought to bring $10,000 within six months. I've had some pretty good luck myself. You know, I have a niece in Washington. Last time I saw her I said: 'Gather some money together and send it to me—I'll see what I can do with it for you.' Yesterday came a check for $500. I looked around, and placed the money on a $2,000 Alligator Shores corner. That was this morning. Just closed it out an hour ago for $2,500."

"Run into anything good lately?"

"Yes. They are selling some cheap lots around Fort Myers—$600—certain to bring $1,500 by February."

Just snatches of conversation—duplicates of which may be heard any hour of the night or day, anywhere in Florida.

Real estate, real estate, real estate; until you have been in the boom country you can never realize what a monomania the buying and selling of lots may become. On the main streets every other building is devoted to the vending of houses, lots, and acreage, not to mention arcades where the offices are as thick as nests in a rookery. What elaborate structures house the sellers of subdivisions—Spanish and Moorish and Italian buildings with pink and blue and orange stucco! The passers-by, gazing through the open fronts, behold resplendent interiors with gaudily tiled floors and brilliantly hued hangings. Great chairs and huge divans invite tired prospects. Hanging upon the walls or resting upon easels, and often taking up whole sides of rooms, are marvelous pictures of the property being sold, painted (as Mark Twain remarked under other circumstances) by gifted sign-painters. Here and there and everywhere as concomitant parts of the scene are the salesmen, their eyes alert for any one showing the slightest interest in their offerings.

As you saunter down the street you notice an unusually large number of men dressed in golf togs, although it does not take you very long to discover that they are not primarily golfers. Lot selling is their game. If you look at all "moneyed," you are certain to be stopped half a dozen times in every block by exceedingly pleasant men, wonderfully interested in your health and pleasure.

"How long have you been down here?" asked one. "Come from Pennsylvania, do you?" "Well, I always look upon Pennsylvanians as my next-door neighbors—as people from home."

The gentleman, upon being asked where he originally came from, answered: "From Bowling Green, Kentucky." A neighbor true enough, but certainly a distant one! Finally, the newcomer can stand it no longer; he discards his business suit, dons knickers, and becomes as one of them; it is his only protection. Just what a woman can do under the circumstances is difficult to say; probably make an appeal to the local Chamber of Commerce, as did one woman in Orlando who had been bespoken by seventeen salesmen in one day.

The stranger can find plenty of places to visit. As he walks down the street eager salesmen thrust tickets into his hand entitling him to free rides by autobus or boat. Some of these excursions are no afternoon affairs, but for hundreds of miles, and may consume three or four days, gratuitous meals and free hotel accommodations included.

Such rides acquaint the visitor with the fact that the cutting up into building lots of the thirty-three million acres comprising the State of Florida has been energetically begun. It will be a solace to the people of the United States to know that a lot for a winter home has been laid out for every family in the "American Riviera," in the country's "only tropical State." This, of course, has not been quite completed.

It seems a bit peculiar to be riding

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through a monotonous stretch of country given over solely to palmetto and pine to suddenly come upon a site for a city with signs marking the proposed city hall, golf links, and two-million-dollar hotel. One such subdivision had a number of sign-boards planted along the road; one word on each (there were only one or two houses in sight): "Not—Yet—But—Soon—Will—Be—A—City."

By this it is not implied that all developments are worthless. Some of the tailor-made cities, communities built upon an almost deserted tract, have already grown into splendid places. You can find many a Floridian who believes that the time is not far distant when the entire east coast will be built solid from the keys through Miami to St. Augustine.

Many of the subdivisions opened up near the smaller and larger cities and along the seacoast have made money, not only for the developers, but for the purchasers as well. Not all the buying is being done by outsiders. The natives have a profound faith in their real estate, and have waited in line for hours to buy a favorite tract. Developer Davis, who built an island in Tampa Bay, sold three million dollars' worth of lots in ten hours. Similar happenings have been duplicated in numerous boom sections on either coast.

So far every one seems to have made money. Lots in choice new developments sell for $1,200 to $1,500, only to be resold a few months or a year later for from $3,000 to $5,000. Everything is being sold and everything is for sale. Houses and lots, acreage and apartments, pass from owner to owner in almost kaleidoscopic succession. Prices that make even the most visionary Floridians shake their heads are paid, and the properties immediately resold for still higher figures. You are reminded that "ten minutes is ancient history in Florida real estate." One owner of an orange grove near Daytona lost $75,000 because he neglected to go into town during the week-end. He did not know that prices had soared within the past forty-eight hours, and sold his 43 acres for $100,000. He thought that he was receiving an immense sum, but the new purchaser immediately resold it for $175,000, and the second purchaser is about to sell it for $200,000. Nothing unusual in these stories; you can hear a thousand similar ones in all corners of the State.

People in the cool, dispassionate North are quite unable to appreciate the Florida situation. They must be there to understand; they must talk to the people who speak of thousands and millions of dollars as though they were quite inconsequential and entirely within the reach of any one willing to put himself to a little bother. Gradually they are mesmerized, as the natives are mesmerized, and begin jabbering about acreage, abstracts, and binders along with the wildest of them. When they return homeward, they seem to awaken as from a dream and are quite unable to understand their frenzy for sand, palm, and palmetto.

How long is the Florida boom going to last? Can the pyramiding of prices go on forever? When is the bubble going to burst? are questions being frequently asked in the North. In the South it is rather indiscreet to intimate that such a thing as a boom is in progress. "A boom? Of course not. We've never had a boom around here," they say. "Florida is only getting her just deserts; prosperity should have come to her long ago. Seventeen million acres untouched by the palmetto grubber, enough fertile land to feed the entire Nation. Florida is destined to become one of the wealthiest States in the Union."

Maybe so; but will that insure the permanence of the present high prices of real estate? "Land is going to go on selling just as briskly as it does now for ten years at least," said one real estate man. "Wealthy men have invested millions. Do you think they are ever going to let things go smash?" is a universal argument. "Men like Ford and Collier and the Ringling brothers"—

Other people — Floridians — believe that there must be a readjustment. Indeed, some go so far as to say that the pyramiding has already begun to slow down the rapidity of the sales in certain sections. As the prices become higher and higher, a great amount of cash is needed. Terms are usually a fourth down, and the remainder in one, two, and three years. One salesman encountered upon the west coast declared that he had moved from a certain east-coast town on account of this condition.

Inhabitants of the new Eldorado are not nearly so apprehensive about the end of their prosperity as they are of other conditions. They fear a whole lot more the propaganda which is beginning to appear in various parts of the country, particularly in the smaller cities and towns of the Middle West. Bankers are greatly alarmed at the amount of capital being sent out of their territories for investment in Florida real estate, and are beginning to set up counter-fires. People sending home for funds have frequently received letters of warning telling them not to put their money in what is termed so questionable a proposition.

Take the case of two Boston school-teachers. They each wrote home for $500 to be taken from their savings accounts. A fatherly letter of advice was received instead. Still they persisted, and finally got their money. They bought lots, and within three weeks had cleared up $1,500 apiece—as much as they earned in a year teaching. This information along with the original $1,000 was forwarded to the banker in Boston as a kind of rebuke.

Floridians say that many of the lies about their State may be traced directly to hostile propagandists. For example, the story concerning the necessity of having $600 in cash to enter the State. Then there is the gibing question: "If you can't pick oranges or sell real estate, how are you going to make your living in Florida?" A series of advertisements will shortly appear in many of the leading periodicals of the country combating the injurious rumors.

Bugaboos like unfavorable newspaper articles do not reign uppermost in people's minds for long. They are too busy with their acreage, their binders, and their subdivisions. If there is going to be any worrying done, let the Chambers of Commerce do it. Every one appears well dressed and prosperous and happy. If he has not made a million to-day, he is surely going to make it to-morrow. Young fellows who never had more than $50 at any one time in their whole lives hit it lucky and buy sport roadsters. Nowhere else does one see such an overwhelming number of big, expensive cars. Flivvers are few and ashamed of themselves. Specialty shops catering to the affluent are appearing in greater and greater numbers. The millionaires and those who feel like millionaires must have their fling.

Florida may be booming, it may be wild, it may be mad, it may be just a bit lopsided in its way of looking at things, but it is well worth going to see. The reference is not to the scenery, to the climate (although they have their attractions too), but to the drama, the spectacle. Every one is on his tiptoes, every one is dreaming, doing something; tourists sweep through by the thousands, great schemes are hatched, millions are spent, developers found new cities every day. It is Florida of 1926: Eldorado, the Klondike, and the South Sea Bubble rolled into one.

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"Wisconsin" and Wisconsin

How a Radical State and a Serviceable Institution Hinder and Help One Another

By GEORGE MARVIN

WHILE the ingredients of this article were shaping themselves together at Madison the Board of Regents of the University assembled there for their August meeting. Their proceedings, affecting immediately the policies of their own State institution, cannot fail to have a bearing upon the policies of other similar educational institutions supposedly controlled by the people through their Legislatures in other States than Wisconsin. The Wisconsin Regents adopted a resolution against the acceptance of money from the General Education Board, by which several other educational institutions in this country have been founded or are in part supported.

In the stormy debate which preceded the adoption of the resolution the General Education Board was called by its right name—"Rockefeller Money;" and with the Standard Oil millions were lumped for condemnation the tobacco millions of Duke, for which Trinity University sold its birthright, and the steel millions of Carnegie, upon the income of which many of the Wisconsin teaching force rely for pensions. It was a close vote, 9 to 6; and the defeated minority, including President Birge, who retires after fifty years of faithful service to the University, and "Mike" Olbrich, who twice nominated Robert La Follette for the Presidency, were not by any means reconciled to the verdict. But the University of Wisconsin, by this vote of its governing body, has officially gone on record against the use of huge fortunes, representing the surplus profits of monopolistic industrial enterprises, in the public cause of education.

Whichever way you look at it, this determination by the Regents of the University, illogical, inconsistent with its own record, and regardless of consequences, is only another working out of the "Wisconsin Idea." It could only happen in Wisconsin. Usurping the proper function of the Legislature, a governing body of fifteen, charged with the welfare of the one institution which is closest to the Wisconsin heart and all but two the appointees of a Governor with progressive personal ambitions, take their opportunity to make a dramatic gesture. In Wisconsin politics money is less useful

The Regents of the University of Wisconsin, who turned down the "tainted money" of the General Education Board in August last. Ex-President Birge, who opposed the measure, with white hair, next but one to right-hand margin of lowest row. On his right Miss Zona Gale, the well-known author and playwright

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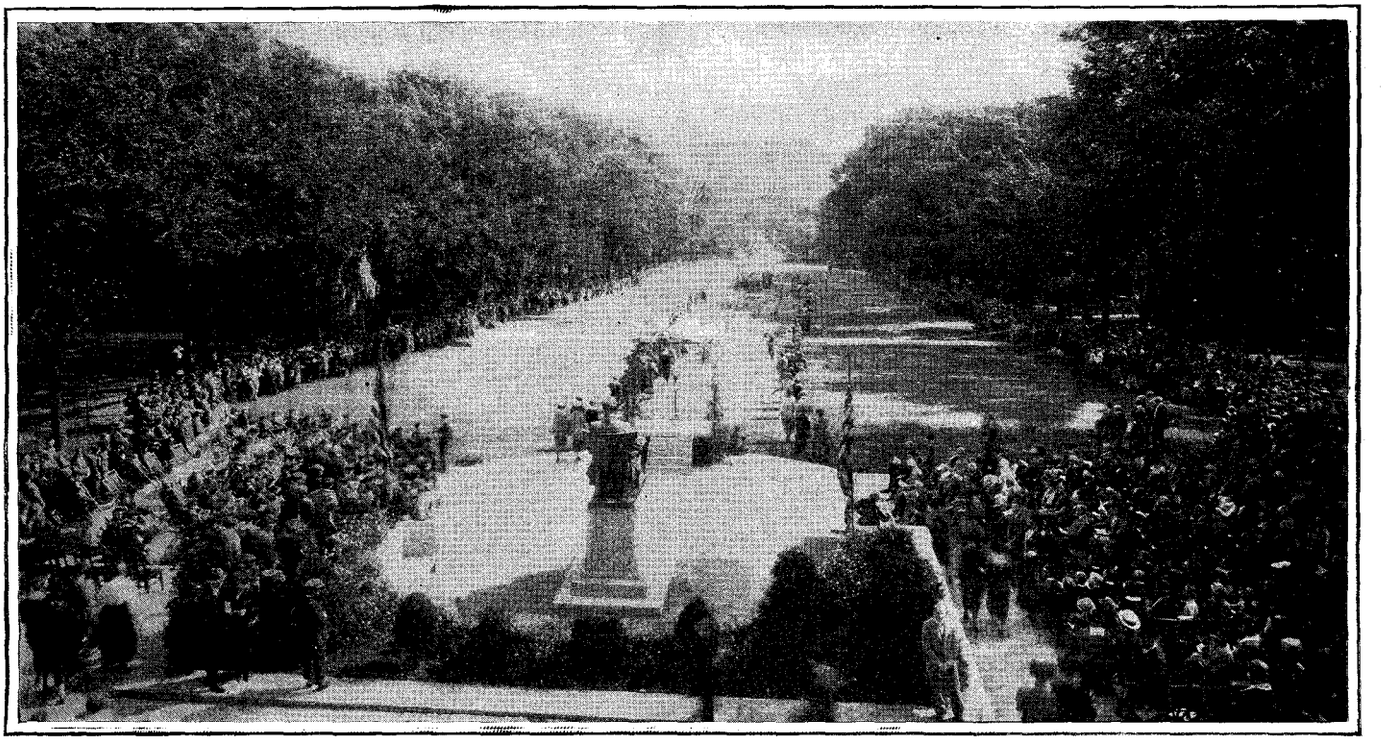

Abraham Lincoln and the University of Wisconsin welcoming the incoming freshman class. An annual ceremonial early in September

for campaign funds than as a target for campaign brick-throwing, and among all the money butts none presents such a side-of-a-barn mark as the "Rockefeller millions of tainted loot." Governor Blaine's Regents undoubtedly gave his personal ambitions a temporary substantial boost while supposedly upholstering their own, though their repudiation of a National welfare agency may, in the event, prove a boomerang. The relatively small sum of twelve thousand dollars was immediately involved, and this had been asked for from the General Education Board by Dean Bardeen, of the Wisconsin Medical School—after a vain petitioning of the Legislature—to further research work of practical value to the State. Using this as a range-finder, however, the Regents were very probably shooting at the donation of $600,000 tentatively set aside by the General Education Board for the increased plant and service of the new combined Wisconsin State Hospital and Medical School, just comfortably housed by the appropriated use of Wisconsin's surplus soldier bonus. Undoubtedly, the vote of the Regents had some political value and was used as political ammunition. But, as an expression of the Wisconsin Idea, it had another and a finer value not so obvious.

One of the Regents who voted for the 'Grady Resolution," "that the University accept no gifts, subsidies, or donations from the General Education Board or any institution of like character," was Miss Zona Gale, an alumna of the University she reveres. With dead and gone Charles McCarthy, who wrote and left as his valedictory "The Wisconsin Idea," she too believes that the inspiring idea of her native commonwealth is a dream of to-morrow and that "Wisconsin has had for that dream two wings, one political and one educational." Under the shadow of these wide-spreading wings the University lives and moves and has its being. An appreciable part of Wisconsin thinks and feels as Zona Gale does when she gravely considers the whither, as well as the whence, of the enormous Lydian sums being donated by American Crœsi to the cause of education. "The increasing control over education by great wealth," as the United States Industrial Relations Commission phrased the problem in 1916, is of reasonable concern to those in Wisconsin who think as well as dream of to-morrow in their own State and in these United States. These folk know that the popularizing of the subsidy system in American universities and colleges is contemporaneous with the growth of gigantic fortunes out of monopolistic industry, and they also realize, in a general way, the impressive fact that these colleges and universities graduate annually more than 75,000 young men and young women whose political and economic views, formed in the classroom, largely influence the character of their citizenship. There may well be an admirable trend of healthy idealism in this particular Wisconsin idea of the Regents in keeping University and State mutually dependent and, together, independent of outside help with or without imputed motive.

The Legislature at its last session went far towards substantiating such a theory in appropriating more than seven million dollars for a general building fund, and contributions for a "Memorial Union," solicited throughout the State from citizens at large—such as "Kohler of Kohler," Kuppenheimer of the "Kollege Klothes," and some of the stout burghers of Milwaukee who made most of their money before Volstead butted in—as well as loyal alumni, have insured a much-needed addition to the communal life of the University. The immediate generosity of the Legislature came after a long period of super-Scotch thrift on their part and was largely due to the able presentation of the University's actual needs by Theodore Kronsage, Jr., President of the Board of Regents, who went out on a deliberately planned campaign to "sell the University to the State," and "put it over" ably, aided and abetted by his brother, who is managing editor of the Milwaukee "News," the dominant Hearst paper of Wisconsin. Note well one sweet-smelling by-product of salesmanship and sensational journalism!

However arrived at, this independent, self-supporting idea of a State university is a laudable one. If the Legislature will tangibly back up Governor Blaine's Regents, and if in doing so they faithfully represent the public opinion of Wisconsin, then will this University have arrived at a practical realization of its State "Idea;" some of its dream of to-morrow may have come true to-day. As Miss Gale herself says of "the well-known human being, wistful that life be

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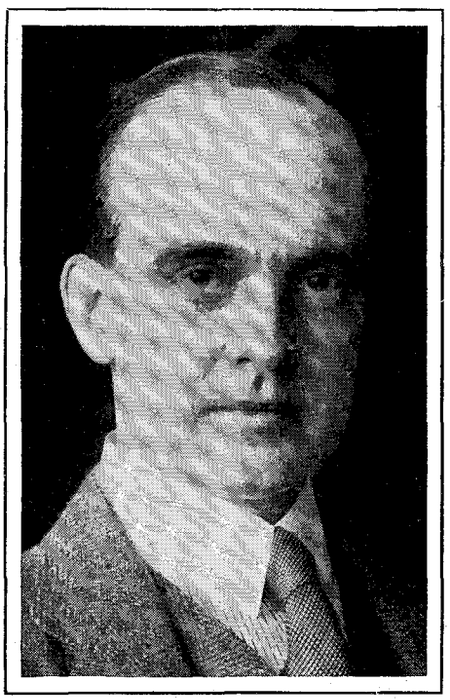
physically and spiritually beneficent to him and even to his kind," the Wisconsin spirit, made up of just such inarticulate human beings, "lifting through the mechanism of government and education," may be trying to say, as she says, "Your hope is the State's task."

The University richly deserves that its hope should thus be recognized by the State it so thoroughly serves. In no other State does the missionary activity of its chief educational institution so permeate the life of the entire commonwealth. In the case of Wisconsin, the last unit of the old Northwest to be partitioned and organized into Statehood, the University is coeval with the State. They began their distinct life together. The University's broad conception of its proper function has made its campus coextensive with the borders of the State. Men and books, not elaborate equipment, were the essentials of the old universities, which strove neither in conception nor in operation for factory standards. Speed and quantity of product were no part of the ideal they aimed at. Wisconsin has added the concept of pervasive utility, of a service as nearly universal within the borders of the State as it can be made. Wisconsin did not discover the ideal of State service, but it has come nearer to realizing it than most universities; arguably nearer than any other State university in America.

A publication issued by the University Extension Division prints a series of charts of Wisconsin cross-hatched by its county demarcations and pitted in red like bad cases of smallpox. On the first of these charts the 992 spots mark as many distinct communities in which regular use was made of some service of the Division during the last two years, in which time 20,935 new individual enrollments were received. These are not merely contacts; they are active associations. In Wisconsin the University agencies for the dissemination of general or particular knowledge do not have to overcome prejudice or aversion. The market comes at least half-way to meet the freely dispensed goods. Since the death of Robert M. La Follette, who made of Wisconsin a one-man political unit and used the University in his own service of the State, a leaderless community of Germanic, Scandinavian, and Irish origins has nevertheless remained united as a university constituency. The pockmarked counties of the charts show just so many electrons vibrant to the dominant note at Madison. The war left the people of Wisconsin snarling at one another over the repudiation of La Follette war doctrines by both the Faculty of the University and the State Legislature, but the ebb of the war brought back after 1919 a flood tide of heavily increased registration in the University and of a redoubled reliance upon its helpful offices outside of Madison.

Burdened with the greater demands upon its personnel and its material resources, the University has not changed the character of its service rendered. A bigger rush for the University, partly accounted for by the addition of compulsory high school enrollment to the law of the State, has meant far bigger problems to meet with no adequate provision—



Glenn Frank, the recently elected President of the University of Wisconsin. "The old order changeth, giving place to new"

until the last generous appropriation in 1924—for meeting them. The Faculty and the Regents have impliedly lifted their hands for silence and asked, "Do you want interchangeable parts, or do you want a humanized, well-occupied community?" And, evidently sensing an emphatic decision for the latter alternative, they have proceeded to work accordingly. They have persisted in believing, for the present resident enrollment of nearly 12,000 students—not counting the many more thousands in the Extension Division—as well as for the fraction of that number annually registered before the war, that the proper function of this University is not that of a Ford assembling plant. In practice they continue to do the best they can to live up to this theory.

One of the active sub-sectors of this practice is in the Medical School, where, under the command of a Quaker doctor, some of the common sense of the Society of Friends finds expression in original methods of medical education and student health. Wisconsin has offered hitherto merely the first two years of a four-year medical curriculum and has conferred no degrees. In organizing now the work for the additional two years some new departures in medical practice will be made. Instead of confining the clinical work of the third year to out-patient departments, the Wisconsin students will be set to responsible though elementary work, under competent oversight, in the wards of the State hospitals, thus getting that element of actual experience in contact with patients which theoretical instruction lacks and avoiding the waste of out-patient work mechanically or sloppily done. During the fourth year each student will be apprenticed out to a number of established specialists in active practice over the State. Each one of the hundred vouched-for special practitioners involved in this plan becomes an extra-mural professor of the Medical School, and the wide organization helps to correct the popular and professional impression of trying to centralize medicine in the University. Instead of sitting on a bench one hundred feet away from a diagnosis or an operation, each student during his two months' apprenticeship in each of the allotted specialties is responsibly next to the job. A traveling dean will be constantly on the road checking up on the system by keeping in touch with the people as well as with the practitioners and their apprenticed students.

Regarding the physical health of the student body as much a province of University administration as the moral and mental supervision vested in the Dean's office, Wisconsin runs a Department of Student Health in the State University Hospital, on the campus grounds. All absences from class must be accounted for through this office, which thus has an opportunity of dealing with the many cases of ill-being not coming under the heads of pathological treatment. Wisconsin, through this Student Health Department, deals out much more good common sense and friendly advice than medicine. And the treatment spreads far and wide through the Madison community and into the rural counties.

A great many, possibly most, of the counties in this State subsist mainly upon dairy farming, and agriculture in the richest dairy State in the Union owes much to the University of Wisconsin. One hundred thousand silos stand up to proclaim the original idea of F. H. King,

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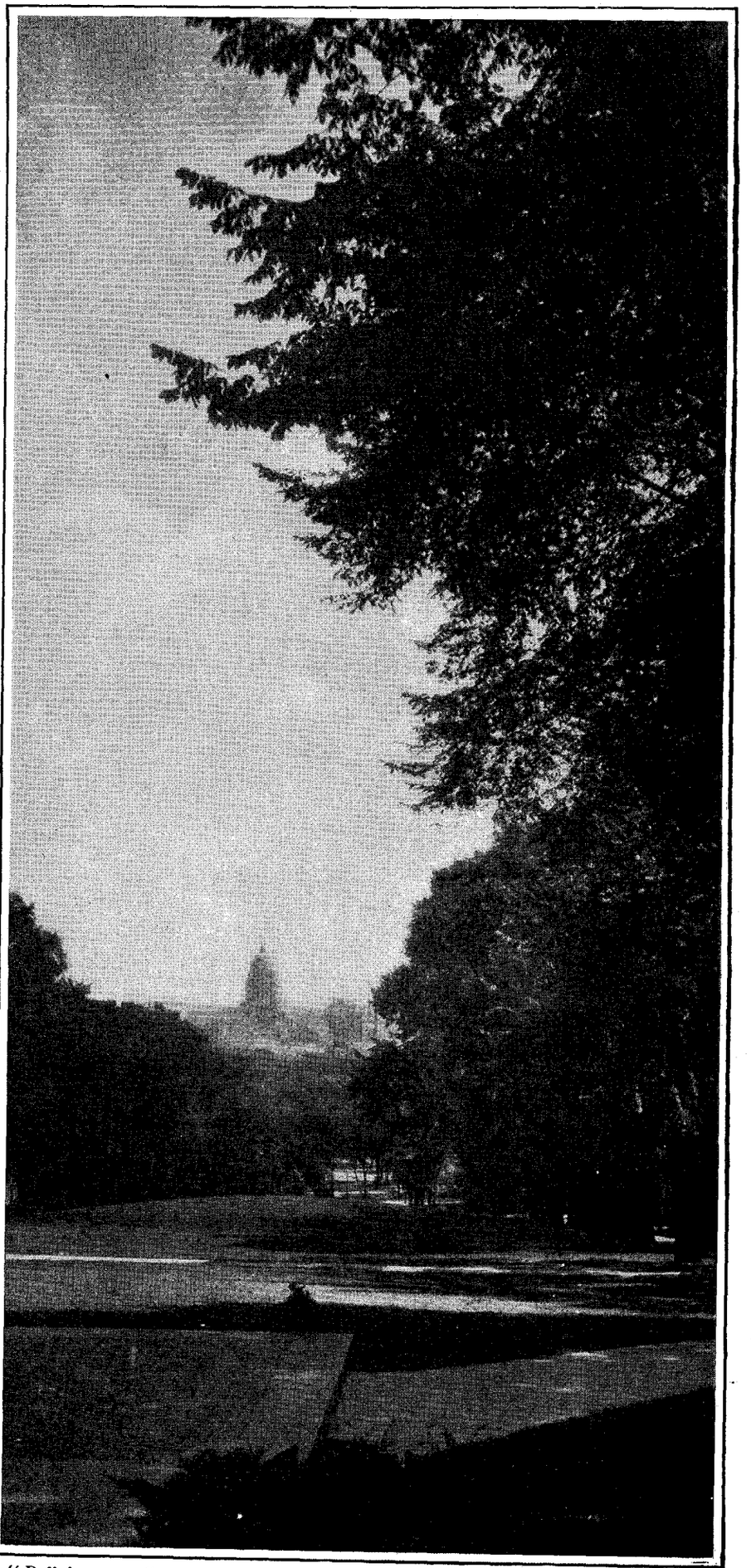
a former head of the Agricultural Department. They are his trade-mark or, rather, his heraldic device, stamped all over the barnyards of the State, and no one in this territory would now attempt to go into dairy products without the imitation of spring succulence which silage provides. Another professor in the College of Agriculture, named Babcock, helped to pull dairying off the rocks and established dairy stock thereupon by the invention of the butter-fat test which bears his name in New Zealand and Siberia as well as in Wisconsin. The Babcock test, patented, would have brought its inventor millions. But no, said Babcock; he had been given his materials, his field, his opportunity, by the State University; let him make this becoming contribution through the University to the people of the State. One good reason why three-quarters of the Nation's peas are canned in Wisconsin is because Dean Russell, of the Agricultural College, by his bacteriological experiments found a way to keep the containers from exploding. In addition to the work of the Extension Division, the College of Agriculture maintains an extension service of its own in 71 counties of the State and in a wide territory outside Wisconsin's boundaries.

By the time this article is printed Glenn Frank, editor and publicist, will have succeeded in the Presidency of the University of Wisconsin Edward A. Birge, scientist and humanitarian, who has faithfully served the University in varied capacities for half a century. Thus the quiet influence of the older order of university executive gives place to the greater administrative ability of more bustling times. Before passing from the active duties of the presidency to the continuance of his geological work among the lakes of Wisconsin this scientist-Christian left in writing and in oral utterance his understanding of the University that will regard him rather as its loyal friend than temporary administrator.

"It is," he wrote, "the only institution whose clientele can be coextensive with the community at large."

And, rising to respond to the farewell dinner the Faculty gave him, without any pathos at parting, he said:

"Some years ago at a Faculty dinner held in this building I recalled to you as the motto of a State university Arnold's words, 'To make righteousness and the will of God prevail.' I repeat them tonight, not so much as an exhortation as a memory of what I have learned during fifty years about the temper and aim of a State university."



" Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government, . . . schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." The Wisconsin State Capitol seen from the campus of the University

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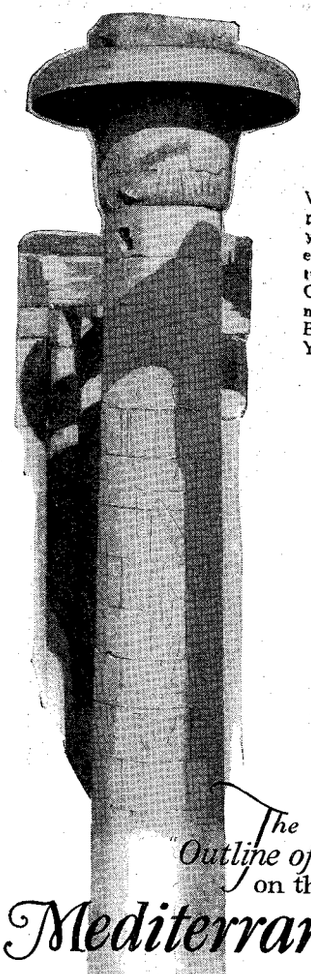

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Fiction

COUSIN JANE. By Harry Leon Wilson. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

Mr. Wilson, like all comedians and humorous jesters, likes to play practical jokes on his audience. He succeeds in interesting us deeply in the development of this genuine young person—Jane—who grows better and better as the story moves on. Then, just at the opportune moment when the fairies are flying gayly out of the long-closed box of her future, we behold it empty again and the lid slammed down upon its vacancy! Of course we are outraged. Knowing Jane's spirit, we may rest assured that she, if any one can, will discover the kindly figure of Hope crouching in the bottom of the chest. But life, the surprise, is, as always, too ironic.

HULINGS' QUEST. By McCready Huston. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

"Hulings' Quest" is one of that innumerable caravan of first novels which it is possible to regard with respect but not with much affection. A certain languor pervades the style; none of the characters seems to come to life, with the possible exception of two members of what now passes as the younger generation, Wilda and Storey Martin. The latter's father, Joab Martin, is of the tribe of Silas Lapham and seems all the more anachronistic on that account. More space is accorded to him in the story than to the ostensible hero, the architect Hulings, whose Diogenes quest for an honest client meets eventually with some sort of reward. The author's style is also afflicted with such alliterative infelicities as "what could be bought grandly from glib clerks in garish stores."

THE SPORTING SPIRIT: An Anthology. Compiled by Charles Wright Gray. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.50.

The blurb saith that this volume aspires to present "in permanent form" certain American tales of sport which have "sure literary craftsmanship." Here, in fact, are a score of stories from the American magazines of the past few years, the earliest being dated 1918; a representative lot, but of no particular literary craftsmanship, except as many of them use the standardized style of the "Saturday Evening Post." Why talk such nonsense about yarns that are good enough of their kind? The three we turned to first were by Messrs. Francis Ouimet, William T. Tilden 2d, and Charles W. Paddock—good sport writers as well as wonderful sportsmen, and literary craftsmen not at all. Many of us prefer the writing of athletes like these, preferably without a sugar-coating of fiction, to the clever but artificial figments of magazine headliners like Charles E. Van Loan and H. C. Witwer, represented here by two characteristic stories, "Mister Conley" and "Two Stones With One Bird." Ralph Henry Barbour, George Agnew Chamberlain, and Zane Grey are other well-known performers on the bill. From the "literary" point of view, Mr. Chamberlain's horse story, "Highboy Rings Down the Curtain," is easily the best. The editor should have prevented a Paddock from saying "herculanean" for "herculean," and the author of "Champions All" from representing a golf hole which cost Ted Ray a perfect drive and mashie to the green as a par three hole! Ted's three was a fine birdie.

THE TROUBLE MAKER. By E. R. Eastman. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

It is something of a triumph in story-telling to make an exciting novel out of a milk strike and the troubles of a Dairymen's League. Mr. Eastman does this, and provides action and fun of a homely but lively type.

Biography

THE CONFESSIONS OF A REFORMER. By Frederic C. Howe. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

Mr. Howe has spent more than twenty-five years in the troubled realm of uplift, and now confesses that he is beginning all over again. From his native Meadville, Pennsylvania, he proceeded to Johns Hopkins, where he was graduated. He came to New York to try journalism. Here he served for a time as one of Dr. Parkhurst's Assembly District captains, and thus got his first taste of reformism. The journalistic venture failing, he studied law, and at Pittsburgh passed his examinations and was admitted to the bar. He chose Cleveland for his next tryout, and in an exceedingly humble capacity entered the office of Garfield & Garfield, sons of the President. As at first there was little to do in the law, he busied himself with settlement work, later taking up politics, on the side of what would now be called "Goo-Gooism." He was soon to meet the famous Tom L. Johnson, to become one of his supporters, and also to become a convert to the Single Tax. For fifteen years the law was to be his vocation, though a good deal of this period was

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spent in municipal and State politics, writing, and travel.

From Cleveland, with his wife, who has been his collaborator in all his literary work, he came to New York in 1910, and for a time was connected with the People's Institute. In 1914 President Wilson appointed him Commissioner of Immigration at the Port of New York, and now came a stormy period which lasted for four years. Though he was instrumental in bringing about many needed reforms, his alleged radicalism and pro-Germanism caused him to be constantly embroiled with the extreme conservatives. From Ellis Island he went to Paris to be with President Wilson during the peace negotiations. From the disappointments following the war he turned in 1919 to a new interest in organized labor, and for three years thereafter was associated with the weekly paper "Labor" and with the co-operative movement. He was prominent in the Conference for Progressive Political Action, formed in 1922, and during the La Follette campaign of 1924 was an active assistant to the third-party leader. His more recent interest has centered about the School of Opinion, which every summer holds sessions on Nantucket Island. The credo with which he closes his book shows a shift in emphasis from general to personal reform. Social changes, he thinks, will come more surely through the reformation of the individual. "I believe in reform," he writes, "but prefer the reform that is taking place within myself." Not the least interesting parts of the book are the pen pictures of Woodrow Wilson, Tom Johnson, Robert M. La Follette, Mark Hanna, Brand Whitlock, and Newton D. Baker.

THE LIFE OF ELBERT H. GARY: THE STORY OF STEEL. By Ida M. Tarbell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.50.

This is a powerful "apology" for Judge Gary, chief executive officer of the United States Steel Corporation, its chief creator, since its establishment its most important member, perhaps the greatest personage in the industrial world.

The sub-title, "The Story of Steel," is misleading; so considered, the book is quite inadequate; it is even inadequate as the story of the United States Steel Corporation. Its importance (and a great one) is as a vindication of the character, motives, and career of Judge Gary, and of the methods and policies which, established by him, govern the conduct of the greatest of industrial corporations. Miss Tarbell undertakes to show that Judge Gary introduced into the Corporation a high ethical code of business practice which, at first regarded by many with skepticism or contempt,

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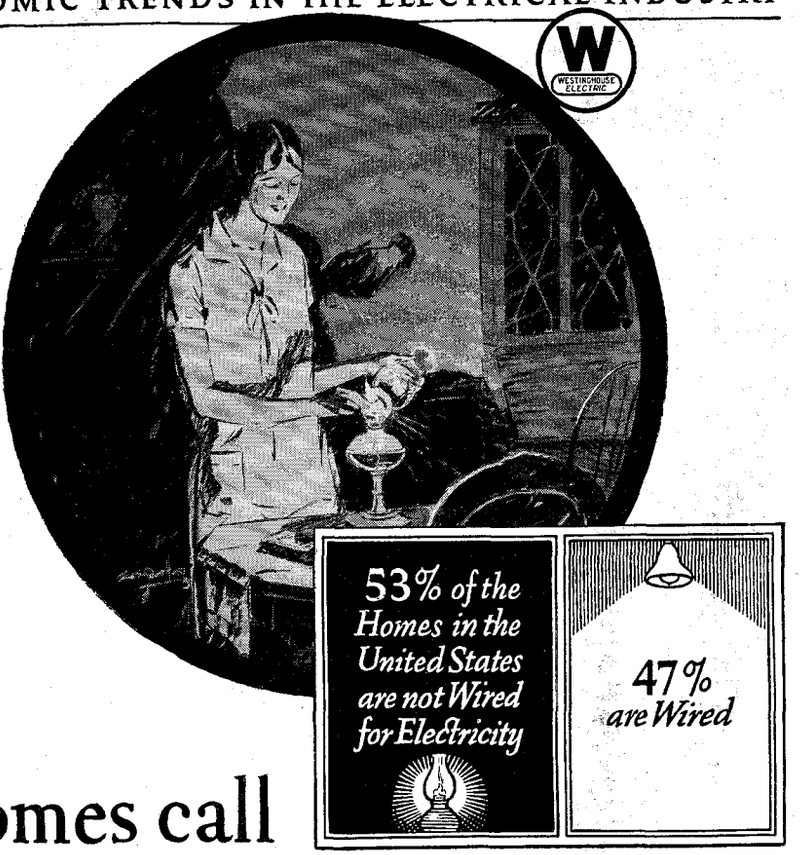

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has gradually secured whole-hearted acceptance by the corporation and has powerfully influenced the rest of the world of big business. Almost doth Miss Tarbell persuade us that the United States Steel Corporation is really and truly that thing once so widely regarded as incredible—a "good trust." But perhaps Miss Tarbell is a little too eulogistic to be entirely convincing to all her readers.

Politics and Government

ANNAPOLIS: ITS COLONIAL AND NAVAL STORY. By Walter B. Norris. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $3.

The part of the narrative dealing with colonial days is attractive and fairly adequate; the remainder inadequate. The illustrations are delightful.

AMERICA AND GERMANY 1918–1925. By Sidney Brooks. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

A summary of the contributions of the United States toward the salvation and rehabilitation of Germany; those of the Government, direct and indirect, and those of private agencies and individuals. The contributions have included, in chief, pressure toward relaxation of the blockade, food relief (the most important), participation in the developments which culminated in the Dawes Plan, and a considerable and still growing volume of private financing. The summary is precise, impartial, and valuable for reference; but rather too dry for popular appeal.

THE STATE OF ENGLAND. By a Gentleman With a Duster. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

This is beyond doubt the gloomiest book ever written. Compared with it, the Book of Job is blithesome, Dante's "Inferno" jocund, "The City of Dreadful Night" sportive.

The opening section, setting forth the desperate economic plight of Britain, is good. After that the author goes quite mad. His indictment of the English people is ferocious out of all cess. No doubt there has been a good deal of moral relaxation since the war; the new-rich and the British Bolsheviks are disgusting tribes. But there is no such general degradation as the lugubrious gentleman depicts. No, the Gentleman With a Duster has gone mad. Unfortunately, he is not in the small class of interesting literary madmen.

THE PATHWAY OF PEACE. By Charles Evans Hughes. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

A collection of the most important addresses (twenty-two in number) made by Mr. Hughes during his four years (1920–4) as Secretary of State. Most

"The Greatest Cause of Cancer," said Sir Arbuthnot Lane, King's Surgeon, of London, in his address before New York's physicians, Nov. 25, "is intestinal stasis (constipation)."

Dr. Bainbridge, as toastmaster, referred to the guest's high standing as an abdominal surgeon, calling him the "greatest living teacher of surgery." In responding, Sir Arbuthnot dwelt on the modern realization of the outstanding menace of delayed food residue in the 28 feet of intestinal tract, *much of it putrefactive material*, that frequently infects the blood stream, bringing in its train an alarming series of diseases and dangerous symptoms, one of which is cancer. He said in Great Britain five million of the present population will die of this disease, unless preventive measures, easily inaugurated, are promptly adopted. To that end a New Health Society has been organized in England.

Sir Arbuthnot himself has recently published a book on Intestinal Stasis (constipation) that has received much favorable comment, and a similar book that has evoked the widest commendation, judging by its very large sales and testimonials, The Lazy Colon, has also been recently published in this country, *being a digest* of the newer *methods* in the treatment of this easily controlled condition.

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S. S. McClure, Editor McClure's Magazine: "One of the most informative books I have read in a long time."

Amherst College, Dept. Hygiene and Physical Education: "I shall use the book as collateral reading for my class in Hygiene." Signed by Prof. Paul C. Phillips.

Martin W. Barr, M.D., noted physician and author: "Sat up most of last night reading this delightful and masterly book."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek Sanitarium: "The authors are to be congratulated on producing this excellent work, which will no doubt have a large sale."

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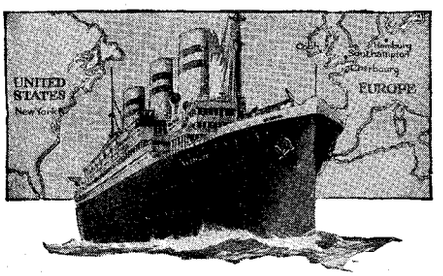

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The War

COMMANDING AN AMERICAN ARMY. Recollections of the World War. By Major-General Hunter Liggett. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

A brief, and for the most part a technical, record of the experiences of the commander of the First American Army in France. An extra-dry recital of names of men and places, of dates and figures, from which the juice of human interest has been carefully squeezed.

Essays and Criticism

ALONG THE ROAD. By Aldous Huxley. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A score of entertaining essays written during the interludes of tourist travel in Flanders and Italy. His topics range from a dissertation on the advantages of staying at home to a vivid description of the Palio, Siena's annual pageant, and appreciation of such antipodes in art as Breughel and the obscure Conxolus. One gathers that Mr. Huxley never makes a journey on pleasure bent without packing in his grip a volume of the Britannica to save him from those hours of ennui which oppress the British and American tourist when surfeited by cathedrals and galleries or kept indoors by the weather. "With me traveling is frankly a vice," he confesses, and with equal candor prefers his 10 H.P. Citroen for locomotion to shank's mare or the railway. The German Wander-Birds who do Italy on foot he admires profoundly, but he does not envy them. Mr. Huxley's humor is here of a playful nature. Wit flavors his wisdom, but a gentler wit than one might expect from the author of "Crome Yellow." There is nothing sensational in the pages of this collection, but as a book for the bored tourist it may be found to contain virtues not extractable from a volume of the Britannica.

DIALOGUES IN LIMBO. By George Santayana. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

The poet-scholar plays too obscure a rôle in twentieth-century America. Our ears are stunned with literary jazz and our eyes blinded with the fireworks of publicity. How shall we attend to the courteous murmur of this quiet gentleman in his corner, meditative and at ease, willing but by no means eager to be heard? Yet he has something for us not to be had elsewhere among the entertainers or the earnest ones, clowns or ranters or sober publicists. Santayana is

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not one hundred per cent American according to Ku Klux standards. After many years' service at Harvard, he chose to make his home in Paris; since which time (a dozen years ago) "Who's Who in America" has placed him definitely on the shelf. We are always hearing of English novelists who find most of their audience in America; George Santayana is chiefly valued in France and England.

These "Dialogues in Limbo" were first printed, and warmly received, in England. They are in the classic tradition of the "Imaginary Conversations" and "Dialogues of the Dead." In these several discourses we listen to the shades of Democritus, Alcibiades, Aristippus the Cyrenaic, Dionysius the Tyrant, Socrates, and Avicenna; and to the spirit of a certain Stranger still living on earth, who is obviously the shade of Santayana himself. Here we may find urbane and philosophical discussion of diverse matters, from madness to self-government, and from the vivisection of a mind to the "secret of Aristotle." Our enjoyment of the book hangs upon our relish for the Santayana personality, its lambent wit, its fruitful irony. It is in our taste for that aura or perfume of which we hear in the opening dialogue, "The Scent of Philosophies:" "So a soul vibrating in harmony with the things that nourish and solicit her has an aura which, without spreading any sharp odor, refreshes every creature that inhales it, causing the nostrils and the breast to expand joyfully, as if drinking in the sea-breeze or the breath of the morning."

Music

ON THE TRAIL OF NEGRO FOLK-SONGS. By Dorothy Scarborough. The Harvard University Press, Cambridge. $3.50.

In "On The Trail of Negro Folk-Songs," Dorothy Scarborough, assisted by Ola Lee Gulledge, offers a very interesting study of a subject well worthy of serious consideration. "Folk-Songs" says the author, "are shy, elusive things. If you wish to capture them, you have to steal up behind them, unbeknownst, and sprinkle salt on their tails." Despite this shyness, which is characteristic of other folk-songs besides those of the Negro, Miss Scarborough has captured many of the lyrics of slavery days—songs not composed, but inherited and handed down by vocal tradition for many generations. Miss Scarborough divides her subject into eight classifications; the most interesting and novel is that chapter devoted to "The Blues," "that peculiar, barbaric sort of melody, with its irregular rhythm, its lagging briskness, its mournful liveliness of tone," which has comparatively recently made its appearance north of Mason and Dixon's Line. For the introduction here of this form of folk-song W. C. Handy is responsible, a music publisher in New York, the descendant of slaves "who stole their education and learned to figure in the ashes." According to this authority, this form of music represents the Negro's capacity for quick recovery from disaster to irresponsible gayety. Miss Scarborough prints a great many of these songs, in some cases with the musical notes as well as the words, and the absence of any literary skill shows that none of them is the work of the professional song-writer. The volume is one that deserves to be highly prized by those interested in either the Negro race or the native music of this country.

Miscellaneous

AMERICANA. By Milton Waldman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $5.

Mr. Waldman ranges from the written records of Columbus and the other early discoverers, through the basic documents of the histories of New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and down to the story of the conspicuous rare books of Irving, Bryant, Hawthorne, Poe, Lowell, Whittier, and some of the minor men of the nineteenth century. Setting the stage for his introduction of the writings of the first venturers, he sweepingly pictures the restless, brilliant fifteenth century, when it was necessary for Europe to find an outlet for her energy lest she blow herself to pieces. "She had accumulated knowledge and wealth unprecedented for a thousand years, found to her hand a trained body of mariners and geographers of a quality unknown even in antiquity. . . . Everything was ready for the creation of a new history—even an extraordinary body of historians to write it. And, what is more, an instrument had been devised forty years earlier for the recording of this history as the history of no previous epoch was or could have been recorded." In other words, it was the invention of the art of printing about 1450 that enabled Columbus, returning from the discovery of America, to found a history instead of inaugurating a legend.

Pages perhaps as illuminating as any in the book are those pages devoted to the story of Poe's "Tamerlane." The book, published in Boston in 1827, was a lost book for more than half a century. The first known copy came to light in London about 1884. Since then three more copies have been discovered. In piecing out the story Mr. Waldman ventures into the realm of conjecture. The printer of "Tamerlane, and Other Poems, by a Bostonian," was Calvin F. S. Thomas, a young man about the same

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age as Poe, who had then gone to Boston to join the army. Mr. Waldman's theory is that Poe had promised to bear the cost of publication, probably counting upon financial aid from his adopted father, Mr. Allan; that Thomas, before binding the sheets, demanded his money, and when it was not forthcoming, sold the sheets as old paper. The four extant copies, according to the theory, were among the few which were sent to the reviewers, or turned over to Poe to use in soliciting sales.

Notes on New Books

THROUGH SCIENCE TO GOD. By Floyd L. Darrow. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

This book endeavors to show that belief in facts of modern science does not interfere with religious faith.

HAND-READING TODAY. By Ethel Watts Mumford. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

All about palmistry—a "science" almost as amusing and fully as harmless as making fudge, with the same penalty if you take too much of it.

IN OUR TIME. By Ernest Hemingway. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Short stories.

WANDERINGS AND EXCURSIONS. By J. Ramsay MacDonald. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $3.

Essays by the former Prime Minister of Great Britain, partly about his travels and partly about political events and personalities.

THE COMING FAITH. By R. F. Foster. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

The famous authority on bridge writes a serious book on religion and life.

THE MASTER AND HIS FRIENDS. By H. A. Wilson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.75.

A story of the life of Christ written from the point of view of two children who lived in his time and knew him.

TWENTY MILES OUT. Indiscretions of a Commuter's Wife. By Herself. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.25.

A brief and pleasant book about life in the country.

THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL OR THE ANGLO-SAXON. By Samuel Albert Brown. The Boyer Printing and Advertising Company, Portland, Oregon.

To prove that the Anglo-Saxon or Nordic people are the direct descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel.

THE RELATION OF GOVERNMENT TO INDUSTRY. By M. L. Requa. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HUMAN SOCIETY. By Charles A. Ellwood. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

An introduction to sociological theory by the Professor of Sociology in the University of Missouri.

JOSEPHINE, NAPOLEON'S EMPRESS. By C. S. Forester. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $4

Napoleon slew a million men; he divorced one woman. Women easily forgive him for the dead men, but never for the divorced woman.

RAHWEDIA. By C. Harold Smith. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

"A true romance of the South Seas."

SEX AT CHOICE. By Mrs. Monteith Erskine. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

This book, so says the jacket, tells women how to regulate the sex of their children. Perhaps it does. Mr. Dooley once knew a man who wrote such a book, and left six unmarried daughters.

LEWIS MILLER. By Ellwood Hendrick. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The life of a designer and inventor of harvesting machinery who was also one of the founders of Chautauqua.

MODERN MISSIONS IN MEXICO. By W. Reginald Wheeler, Dwight H. Day, and James B. Rodgers. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia.

Protestant missions in Columbia and Venezuela.

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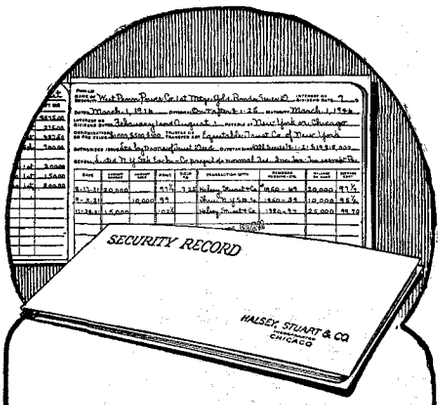

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The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Interest Rates and Speculation

A FEW weeks ago a highly speculative spirit in the stock markets of the country was suddenly checked and stocks began to tumble back. What had happened was that the Boston Federal Reserve Bank had raised the rediscount rate. A tremor shot through the brokerage houses and thousands of customers sold out. Within a fortnight or so stocks had begun to climb again, and at this writing it looks as if former prices were to be equaled, if not exceeded.

All this is prefatory to the remark that there is a current and persistent belief that money rates have a most important effect on the prices of stocks and on stock speculation. This belief we have echoed in these pages from time to time, and for this reason we hasten to call attention to a recent study [1] which, on the basis of an examination of over fifty years' records, shows that stock speculation is not controlled by money rates. "We have examined," say the authors, "both the statistical evidence and the theoretical foundations of the doctrine that stock prices are controlled by short-time interest rates and call-loan rates, and have found no support for the doctrine. We do not contend that there is no relationship between these markets, but we feel certain that interest rates are only one of the many factors which determine the course of prices in the stock market."

This study is too long and too intricate, although simply put throughout, to analyze critically here. We shall therefore merely summarize some of its more important points. The reader should see the book itself.

The first striking point is that when, for years before the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, there was a series of very definite seasons in call-money rates, the record of the New York Stock Exchange reveals no corresponding seasonal fluctuations in stock exchange prices. The call-money seasons, roughly, were as follows: Low rates from the first of the year to the middle of February; rising rates till April or May; weakening rates to a "genuine depression" in June and July; rates rising to a peak in October during the crop-moving season, and a high level till about January.

The theory which this book attacks assumes that variations in call-money rates cause variations in stock speculation. "The decline of the rate of interest is said to be the signal for increased activity on the part of speculators. These speculators, so we are told, hasten to take advantage of the cheap money by borrowing funds with which to purchase stocks." And leading economists are quoted to prove that such actually is the theory.

Facts have a pleasant—or is it an unpleasant?—way of knocking theories which are not firmly based into cocked hats.

Records were examined for forty-two years to see if any relationship could be found between month-to-month changes in call-loan rates and stock prices. If the theory were sound, such a relationship should appear, perhaps not in every case, but at least in a majority of cases. The results were these: In thirty-eight years the call-loan rate declined from December to January. In fourteen of these years stock prices went up, in fifteen they went down, and in nine years they showed no change. The theory demands that a fall in call money should shoot prices up. They didn't inevitably go up. Again, in thirty-three years call-loan rates declined in February, but stocks, instead of going up in thirty-three years, went up in only sixteen years. These results are similar to those disclosed for all the months of the year. The authors say:

"All these tests show a pronounced seasonal movement in call-loan rates, with the seasons of high and low rates the same in all periods. On the other hand, no test made for any period shows a seasonal movement of interest rates in stock prices. We conclude, therefore,

[1] Interest Rates and Stock Speculation. Owens and Hardy, of the Institute of Economics. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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that seasonal movements in interest rates do not cause seasonal movements in stock prices."

Similarly, a study of call-loan rates and stock prices over long periods or cycles failed to show the clear and definite relation which the commonly accepted theory demands.

For instance, in the depressed money market from 1873 it took four years before stock prices began a major advance. In other periods of cheap money, stocks were also cheap; in some they were high. In all, taken as a continuous whole, no relationship was found.

"Of the fifteen major recoveries of stock prices between 1872 and 1922, only eight were immediately preceded by periods of low call-loan rates. The lengths of these periods varied from two months to twenty months. Two recoveries began a short time before call rates became low. One began in a month of high rates following close after periods of low rates. Four were neither immediately preceded nor immediately followed by periods of low rates. In addition, it should be noted that five periods of low rates for call loans began and ended without any improvement in stock prices. Clearly low rates are not necessary for an advance in stock prices; nor are they always followed by an advance."

The classic reason given for the supposed relation between cheap money and dear stocks is this: Cheap money means that people can borrow at little cost, buying with borrowed money dividend-paying stocks and making at least the difference between, say, 2 per cent and 6 per cent. Thousands of people undoubtedly "get into the market" for this reason, and thousands stay out when money rates are so high as to make the margin too small for apparent profit.

This idea is carefully examined by the authors, with disastrous results:

Suppose, they say, a trader buys 100 shares of stock for $100 each when call money is 2 per cent. Suppose he holds these stocks two months. Suppose, lastly, that the market does not move, so that his only profit is the difference between the call-money rate and the dividend rate. How much does he get?

The answer is not the difference between 2 and 6 per cent on $10,000 for two months. If it was, it could be found by subtracting $33.34 (call-money cost) from $100 (two months' dividends), or $66.66. There are expenses connected with buying and selling stocks which the amateur often overlooks. He must pay a broker's commission when he buys and another when he sells. In this case he will pay a total commission of $30. He

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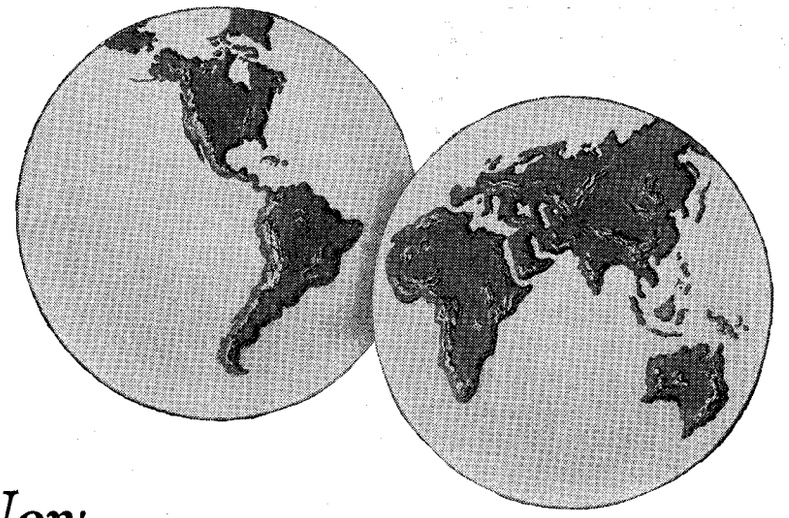

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must also pay a Federal and a State transfer tax, which in this case amount to $4. The total of these expenses plus interest make $67.34. As dividends for two months are $100, the net profit on the transaction is $32.66, or about 33 cents a share!

Is the hope of getting such a profit the prime motive of the trader or speculator in purchasing stocks? According to the theory, it should be. According to the facts, it is not; and according to the little expense account just given, if it is, it is a very foolish and short-sighted motive.

With bonds, as the authors do not point out, the situation is entirely different. Bonds do not respond to the ebb and flow of call money, but, being primarily interest obligations, they do show a close connection with interest rates.

This book leaves unanswered the perhaps unanswerable question, What is the cause or what are the causes of increases and decreases in stock prices? It suggests, however, a cause to take the place of the one thus discarded. It is this: Not cheap call money with consequent small profit from the spread between call rates and dividend rates, but the hope, the belief, sometimes the conviction, that prices will materially appreciate, determines the volume of stock speculation, and hence, in a measure, the increase in stock prices. A man who borrows money to buy a stock is after a profit from the rise in the stock. If he can make a little in the event of no rise, so much to the good. But what really motivates him is the expectation of a five, ten, fifteen, or higher-point profit. He may not get it; but that is what drives him to go after it.

W. L. S.

From Inquiring Readers

BECAUSE this department is attempting to concentrate on standard American investments we have been unable to analyze certain European investment situations for our readers, as we would like to do. For the benefit of those who have been solicited by firms or individuals distributing Deutsche Handelsbank stock, however, we reproduce here part of a bulletin issued by the Better Business Bureau of New York City telling of a preliminary injunction by the Supreme Court against H. and B. Wolf & Co., Inc., 20 Broad Street:

This company, "the business of which reached an estimated total of $1,000,000 during the year, has been barred from Pennsylvania and has also been the subject of a warning issued by the American Chamber of Commerce in Germany. . . .

FACTS FOR INVESTORS

The Outlook's Financial Service Department is at the disposal of all Outlook readers at the nominal charge of $1 per inquiry. It is a fact-finding and reporting information service which aims to help the investor, small or large, solve his own problems. We are serving hundreds. May we serve you?

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THE OUTLOOK, 120 East 16th Street, New York City

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The business in America of H. and B. Wolf & Co., Inc., was done on a country-wide scale. It was conducted almost entirely by mail, so that the collection of evidence was slower than where published advertisements and verbal representations to investors are employed. Various German securities of uncertain value were offered, among them shares of the Deutsche Handelsbank, Frankfort-on-Main."

This bank stock was sold to the American public at $2.50 a share as against the reported price, in Germany, of 2 cents. The profits, even assuming high costs, must have been very fair.

CURIOSITY, professional or otherwise, is always whetted at the possibility of knowing what somebody else owns. We candidly confess that this is one of the delights in being a financial editor. Personal curiosity has nothing to do with the interest thus excited, because we never meet our inquiring readers, and they never meet us. We discuss matters on the broad and safe ground of theory and practice.

Among the most interesting letters received lately is one from a gentleman, Mr. A. F. B., whose wife has inherited an estate which, at the prices prevailing at the time it came to her, September, 1924, stood as follows:

American Locomotive preferred, 119,
American Steel Foundries preferred, 105,
American Tel. and Tel., 127½,
American Tobacco preferred, 105,
American Woolen preferred, 100½,
Atchison, 104½,
Atchison preferred, 92½,
Central Leather preferred, 49,
Chicago and N. W. Ry., 62,
Federal Mining and Smelting preferred, 50,
B. F. Goodrich preferred, 80,
Goodyear preferred, 58,
Great Northern Ry. preferred, 66½,
Illinois Central, 110½,
New York Central, 108,
Northern Pacific, 65½,
Pacific Oil, 47,
Pennsylvania R. R., 44¾,
Pressed Steel Car preferred, 73,
Union Bag and Paper, 42,
Southern Pacific, 94,
Union Pacific preferred, 76½,
U. S. Rubber first preferred, 88,
N. Y., N. H., and H. R. R., 24½.

In no case is there more than 26 shares of any one stock; in none, less than three. The total is nearly 225 shares. At present prices, as the owner points out, "everything shows a profit except American Woolen preferred."

Now for the problem. Evidently the

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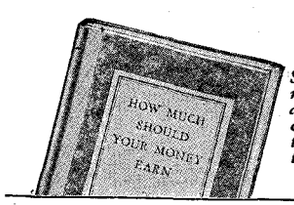

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owner is not dependent on these stocks for income. But he asks these questions: Are there too many rails? Is there too much rubber stock? Outside N. Y., N. H., and H. R. R., is there anything in the list really speculative? How about Federal Mining and Smelting? Would you advise buying more American Tobacco preferred, American Telephone and Telegraph, Atchison preferred, Union Pacific preferred, Illinois Central, or American Locomotive preferred?

Our answer, which may interest others, was this:

"We have carefully examined the list of securities submitted, and would consider them to be, on the whole, good securities and well diversified.

"Federal Mining and Smelting is not a dividend-paying stock at this time and is not earning very much.

"Pacific Oil and Lead we cannot get much information about.

"Replying more specifically to your questions:

"1. We would not consider that there are too many rails on the list in view of their quality.

"2. The total amount of rubber stock in this list is not large, but it should always be remembered that this industry is subject to vagaries which make it sometimes a little disquieting to hold rubber stock.

"3. As to Federal Mining and Smelting, I think it is a good principle not to hold on to something which does not pay dividends, and about which little information is available. Since you can sell it at a profit, why not do so?

"4. Outside of the stocks you mention there are none which we would consider distinctly speculative.

"5. Should you sell some of your stocks, we would suggest reinvesting the proceeds in something not already on your list. This will give you much wider diversification.

"We would like to call your attention to the fact that at least half this list is preferred stocks, which rarely, because of the fact that they are often callable, can rise in price as much as common stocks. We would consider that changes in your list may well be made from time to time in the preferreds.

"American Telephone and Telegraph we would consider a good investment stock and entirely safe. The company has such a position in this field that there is every expectation of the maintenance of dividends and of high yield."

We have reported this little excursion into investment analysis at some length because it interested us exceedingly. We trust it will interest and profit others.

ANOTHER stock-selling game has been stopped by the New York State authorities, acting under the Martin Act. The Supreme Court has signed an order directing the Parker Axle and Products Company, Parker Axles, Inc., and the National Safety Brake Corporation to show cause why their stock-selling activities should not halt and alleged fraudulent practices be stopped.

The New York Better Business Bureau reviews the case thus:

"In 1920 the Parker Axle and Products Company was organized in New York with a capital stock of 300,000 shares preferred and 300,000 common of $10 par value. It was licensed to manufacture 'multiple disc axles' under patents said to have been obtained by Parker in 1919. Over $300,000 was realized on stock sales, the Attorney-General alleged.

"After a year, in 1921, Parker Axles, Inc., a Delaware corporation, was organized. It took over the patent rights. The capitalization consisted of $3,000,000 of preferred and $9,000,000 of common stock, par value $10. Sales of stock under this incorporation are alleged to have been over $125,000.

"Parker was president of both of these companies. They were followed by the National Safety Brake Corporation, of Delaware, on June 27, 1924. The inventor was engineer of this company, which authorized the issuance of 100,000 shares of no par value. He transferred the manufacturing license to it. About $50,000 of stock was sold, no commercial production was made, and again the license was withdrawn. At this point the active interest of the Attorney-General was enlisted in these operations."

IN this department on November 23 we told the story of a man who, through failure to make a will, indirectly after his death involved his estate in considerable difficulty. Commenting on this paragraph, Mr. C. P. Mayfield, of the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company, makes this suggestion, which we pass on as solid food for thought:

"How much simpler the whole matter would have been if Mr. A and Mr. B had had an agreement drawn and deposited with the stock in a safe-deposit box. Suppose that agreement had been an absolute contract of sale, empowering the survivor to transfer that stock to his own account at the death of the other for a fixed consideration.

"And then suppose those two men should have each been insured by the corporation to cover their liability for the purchase of the stock under the agreement. Each one could then by will dis-

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pose of his estate as he saw fit. The widow, in any case, would have cash. The survivor would have complete control of the business, with the stock as an asset rather than as a liability.

"All this could have been accomplished automatically by the death of Mr. A. No lawyers would have been necessary, no executors would be required, and the cost would have been just as much a part of that firm's overhead as its fire insurance or any production charge.

"That is the modern way and the message we are trying to spread, not for Fidelity Mutual, not even for insurance in general, but for hard-working business men—yes, and widows."

SOME one in Chicago was curious to know why the Colorado Fuel and Iron 5s of 1943 are selling around 90, while Colorado Industrial Company 5s of 1934 are around 83, "when the former guarantees the latter both as to interest and principal." We endeavored to explain as follows:

"In the first place, a guaranteed bond is never as good as a first-mortgage bond." (There are exceptions, of course.) "In this case the Colorado Industrial Company's bonds are guaranteed by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and are hence in a slightly weaker position. In the second place, Colorado Fuel and Iron bonds are secured by the first mortgage on over 32,000 acres of coal lands, including the only anthracite west of Pennsylvania, together with coke ovens and yards in several cities, as against the Industrial Company's bonds, which are secured by a first mortgage on 83,000 acres of mineral and frontage lands, in all likelihood not so well developed, as well as by leaseholds and bonds. The difference in price which you mention is a little bit large, but to our minds not extraordinary."

We might have added that bonds and stocks often sell "out of line"—that is, for either more or less than their real value, and that the reason for this phenomenon is impossible to find.

A READER in Pennsylvania has asked us for a report about a certain finance company of which he holds a few shares. In this particular case there was little that could be said beyond pointing out that the success of such concerns depends not only on the management but on general business conditions, and particularly on the judgment exercised in buying commercial paper. We do not consider such a stock an investment for the average person, unless the concern is

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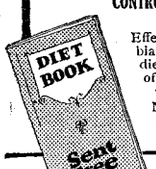

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Contributors' Gallery

B. Z. GOLDBERG is the associate managing editor of "The Day," the National Jewish daily. He was educated in the public schools of Michigan and Iowa and received his M.A. degree from Columbia University.

J. LEROY MILLER, who has contributed to The Outlook before, is one of those who was lured down to Florida to see if conditions there were really as bad as they were painted. You can draw your own conclusions from his first-hand impressions, which are published in this issue. When he is at home, Mr. Miller lives in Parker Ford, Pennsylvania.

STANLEY HIGH is assistant secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was instrumental in calling the Interdenominational Student Conference in Evanston and presided there. Mr. High is the author of "China's Place in the Sun," "The Revolt of Youth," and "Europe Turns the Corner."

ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT is a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines and the author of several books. His latest contribution to The Outlook was the article entitled "'The Finest' at Its Worst."

ALBERT G. INGALLS is a writer of scientific articles and reviews for numerous periodicals, the "Scientific American" in particular. The editors and through them the readers of The Outlook have frequently been indebted to him for information on scientific developments.

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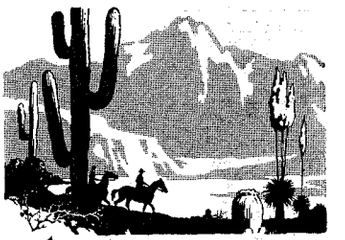

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Please send me your free book, "Man-Building in the Sunshine-Climate."
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HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite N-5842, Washington, D. C.

LECTURERS: Clergy who can speak on current events and who would be interested in several engagements each month in the churches of their State. Good payment. State qualifications in first letter. 6,573, Outlook.

WANTED—A first-class housekeeper for private sanitarium in New York for the upstairs department. State fully experience. 6,617, Outlook.

WANTED, March 1, refined Protestant couple, agreeable, home-loving, sensible people, neat, clean, reliable, good workers, about 50. Permanent for right people, in a quiet, lonely, small farm with lady alone; treated as members of family; man to care for two pet horses and farm work, woman cooking, housework, and light laundry. Must furnish own furniture. Only kind, unselfish people loving animals and country need reply. State particulars. 6,613, Outlook.

WORKING housekeeper interested in cooking as profession wanted for small place in country. Capable manager. Young Scotch girl also employed in household. Please state references and salary. P. O. Box 105, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, New York.

WOMAN — Publishing house has permanent sales position with executive future to offer woman of keen intelligence who has heretofore earned $50 or more a week. Previous sales experience not necessary, experience in educational work helpful. Refinement and determination essential for success. Traveling required—all transportation paid—liberal drawing account and commision basis. Write, stating age and qualifications, to B. E. Sparrow, 50 W. 47th St., New York City.

SITUATIONS WANTED

CAPABLE young woman, speaking French, German, and English, wishes position as companion, governess, or housekeeper. Experienced traveler. Best references. 6,619, Outlook.

EDUCATED, experienced woman, as governess, companion, helper. 6,620, Outlook.

NURSE — Competent, trustworthy, finest references, desires engagement with invalid. Can go country or travel. 6,621, Outlook.

POSITION as nurse-companion with invalid. Elderly lady preferred. Generally useful. 6,623, Outlook.

REFINED widow, companion-chaperon, care semi-invalid. References. Apartment 612, 410 West 110th St., New York.

TRUDEAU nurse desires tuberculosis patients. Would go South. 6,614, Outlook.

WANTED—A position as mother's helper by a refined and cultured English lady. Address 6.622, Outlook.

WANTED, by Canadian university graduate, position as governess or teacher. 6,611, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

REFINED, independent, middle aged lady desires two unfurnished rooms in suburbs. Reasonable rent. References given. 6,615, Outlook.

By the Way

THE traffic policemen in Turkey have invented a new way of curing the auto-speeding habit. When they see a car coming at a speed in excess of the limit, they toss out into the road a large board studded with nails, points upward. If the driver can't or won't stop before his car comes to the plank, he will soon afterwards.

A friend of ours said that he intended to reverse the old saying and bring his son up to be heard but not seen. He wants the boy to be a radio announcer.

A syndicate of Chicago financiers recently bought the Chicago "Daily News" for $14,000,000. There was no real estate involved and the mechanical plant does not represent a great financial asset. The enormous purchase price indicates the great value of newspaper good will. An offer of $10,000,000 for the good will of the New York "Sun" is being considered by the Frank A. Munsey estate. The good will of the Detroit "Free Press" has been estimated at $12,000,000; the New York "Journal" is held at $20,000,000; and the reputations of the "Saturday Evening Post" and the "Country Gentleman" are said to be worth not less than $100,000,000.

Julius Tannen reports that in France the railroad conductors are announcing the train stops in English, on account of the thousands of English and American tourists. If it proves a success there, it might be a good idea to try it in the New York subways.

About forty thousand children in thirty-four cities voted for the ten books which they liked the best. Those receiving the highest votes were, in order, "Tom Sawyer," "Heidi," "Little Women," "Black Beauty," "Pinocchio," "Hans Brinker," "The Story of Dr. Dolittle," "The Little Lame Prince," "Huckleberry Finn," and "The Call of the Wild."

The "Harvard Lampoon" tells this one:

Latin Professor (to class)—"Open your texts, gentlemen: Line four in my book, line eight in most of yours."

Although United States Attorney Buckner is making spectacular and effective raids against the liquor selling "night clubs" in New York City, that species of "speak-easy" is still growing in numbers and profits. The popular clubs are showing weekly profits of $5,000 and up. Promoters believe that they can operate for at least eight or ten months before they are padlocked by Mr. Buckner. During this period they can amass a small fortune. Four or five clubs are opening each week, many of them spending as much as $30,000 for decorative purposes. The padlock method is the most effective means yet contrived for checking the evil, but experience has proved it rather futile. One prominent "speak-easy" in New York moved directly across the hallway after the padlock had closed its former abode. When patrons open the door of their present drinking-room, they can view the padlock across the hall. Many of the padlocked restaurants in New York simply move their place of business to another floor in the same building. Some further restrictions will have to be imposed in order to properly enforce this law.

Employer: "Late again! Have you ever done anything on time?" Clerk: "I bought a car."

Mail-order houses increased their sales in 1925 by 13.6 per cent over 1924. The total sales for the first eight months of 1925 were $257,000,000, Sears Roebuck doing $50,000,000 more than Montgomery Ward. Mail-order clothing sales were reported as being far below par, however, and the reason given is that the movies and the automobile have done much to rid the rural districts of their so-called "hick" sartorial desires. They now want clothes such as they see on the screen, and they drive their cars to the cities in order to get them.

Forty members of Professor George Pierce Baker's new dramatic class at Yale University recently came to New York to see "Abie's Irish Rose" as the guests of Anne Nichols, author of that much ridiculed but seemingly everlasting play. Acknowledged as a "horrible example" of play-writing, it still draws capacity crowds in its fifth year. The class will discuss the reasons thereof.

Here are some interesting radio statistics of the year just completed: There are now five hundred and fifty broadcasting stations in this country and about five million radio-set owners, six hundred thousand of them being on farms. Inasmuch as there are fifteen million telephones and about twenty-one million homes in the United States, this comparatively new invention has expanded very rapidly. A few years more should see a radio in every home.

Answer to last week's riddle: "Insatiate."

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